

# COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



FALL 1951  
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PUBLISHED BY

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MOST Commencement visitors quickly notice that at Columbia the academic procession starts from one library and moves to seats beside Alma Mater on the steps of another. The central campus is dominated by these two buildings. This is singularly appropriate, for according to the best information available, the libraries of no other university in the world are as actively used as Columbia's are. The circle of scholars, students, and private citizens who are responsible for this record is not impressed with it; everything considered, it seems the thing to be expected. But they are impressed with books and libraries, and to this fact *Columbia Library Columns* owes its birth. With the assistance of Friends of the Libraries, the University is able to launch a new medium dedicated to a high purpose. That purpose is to further discussion of the university library and of the problems which have to be dealt with to insure its healthy development.

The new publication will be issued three times each year. It will reflect Columbia thought. It will in fact serve as a channel of communication among those who are especially interested in the Columbia Libraries. But the problems of these Libraries could hardly be considered unique, and *Columbia Library Columns*, if it succeeds in dealing imaginatively with topics which engage the attention of persons interested generally in libraries, may eventually prove of interest to readers beyond the immediate Columbia orbit. In the meantime, a prayer for a good take-off!

CARL M. WHITE, Director of Libraries,  
Dean of the School of Library Service

# I Found Myself in a Library

MARK VAN DOREN

*Professor Mark Van Doren was the principal speaker at the first meeting of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries on May 1, 1951. He has written out part of his address for the COLUMNS.*

IT SEEMS to have been assumed that I would talk tonight upon a literary topic. But I have been doing that in this university ten times weekly for more than thirty years, and now that I stand in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library I find that I much prefer to speak of the thing which has brought us together here: the library, or if you insist the libraries, of Columbia University. There are thirty-three of those, but to me they are one thing, and I have lived with it long enough to love it as I love the university itself. I have lived with it and in it, for it and by it, ever since I first came to Columbia in 1915 as a graduate student. And of it I have many memories which I hope you will indulge, however personal they may sound as I recall them.

If a given library has not a great personal importance for one or more individuals who use it, then it may have no importance at all. The idea that learning is going on, or that culture is being advanced, is somehow less interesting, to me at any rate, than the thought that some one man or woman, young or old, and probably young, is sitting and reading a book and being changed as Whitman, say, was changed by reading Emerson; or Keats by reading Shakespeare; or Shakespeare by reading Plutarch; or Plutarch by reading the historians and philosophers who preceded him. This thing has happened in many a library, and we may be sure that it has happened here. It is more moving to contemplate than the doing of assignments or the conducting of research, at least if the assignments and the research are routine for those who do them. The solitary person who reads and is changed by what he reads is probably at that moment the quietest person on earth; but the earth may become a different place for everybody else because of his experience with a book.

And the book may not be one that he entered the building to read. He may find it by accident as he looks along the shelves—as-

suming that there are shelves to which he has free access. There were such shelves in this room thirty-six years ago, and it is of them that I primarily speak. Their equivalent is elsewhere now, for Columbia has never forgotten the function they performed, but it is a pleasure to remind myself—and doubtless you—of how they looked then, how they felt and smelled, and what stood on them. This room then was not a place for speeches; silence ruled it, for it was the Reading Room of the Columbia Library. In the center was a circle of low shelves containing encyclopedias and dictionaries. Then came concentric circles of desks for readers. Then, outermost of all, and crucial to my theme, stood further circles of tall bookcases in which, if one cared to explore them, there lay the materials for one's liberal education.

My memory is that we all explored them. I can see their sections now, labelled for our convenience—Shakespeare and the Elizabethan drama; French, German, Italian, Icelandic, and Oriental literature; the histories of Gibbon, Gardiner, Macaulay, Herodotus, Thucydides, and the rest—including, I suddenly recollect, Hodgkin's *Italy and Her Invaders*, a copious work which I never got around to reading as my friend and contemporary Joseph Wood Krutch did; but his enthusiasm for it has lasted in me all these years, so that I still promise myself the pleasure he had then. There was a special section, too, of books recently acquired; someone had chosen these extremely well, for we wanted to read all of them, just as we wanted to devour the entire contents of this great round room where for years we chiefly lived. Upstairs, of course, there were the department reading rooms, with passages between them that boomed with the steps of invisible students pounding to and fro. And in still remoter regions there must have been books of whose existence we never knew. But here was the core of the Columbia Library, at least so far as we were concerned; and elsewhere now it is still the core, the first and final excuse, for any library's being.

The indispensable books are the books we must keep on reading. Even scholars, who live for the latest knowledge, must keep on reading those books which are neither old nor new, neither early nor late in human time. Our temptation in these days when it

is so easy to record all our doings is to forget how transient most of those doings are; is to assume, for instance, that the last fifty years outshine the centuries before them. Judging by the sudden expansion of our libraries in order that they may contain, in so far as this is possible, evidence of all that we are and do and say, we of this time outweigh a hundred generations before us. And yet we secretly know that it is not true. And that is why we keep the core books where they should be, in the living center of libraries which without them might confuse and overwhelm us to the point of despair. Or so Columbia does, and all of us here are happy because she does. The future no less than the past function of great libraries like ours is to stand at the true intellectual center, the center of the learning and the remembering process; is to be a monument to all time and not one time alone. Professors may wander from that post, but the librarian never can, and in this university there is no sign that he ever will. The Reading Room has become the Rotunda, but the Libraries remain. They are man's whole memory, and the unspeakable glory thereof.

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# University Libraries Are Part of the Nation's Strength

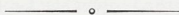
GRAYSON KIRK

*Dr. Grayson Kirk, Vice President and Provost of Columbia University, was one of the speakers at the first meeting of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries. We print here the substance of his remarks.*

AN AMERICAN scholar who works in libraries abroad often comes back with fresh realization of the achievements of research libraries in his homeland. Part of the satisfaction comes from getting back into the ways and the surroundings he knows best. But this is not all. Through their systems of cataloging and classification, carefully planned buildings, well-organized services and highly trained staffs, American libraries have an orderliness, an ease of access, which is a remarkable achievement.

But in the end, the collections themselves determine the library's worth to the scholar. The libraries of the New World are young compared to those of Europe and not long ago American scholars in most fields were severely handicapped unless they could travel to collections of source material nowhere available at home. The nations of the world continue to depend on one another for cultural materials, but the twentieth century has seen the American scholar gain a new independence based on the impressive strength of contemporary American library collections.

This strength is one of the great assets of our nation. It must be preserved and enhanced if the United States is to maintain its position of democratic world leadership. Such leadership depends on intellectual primacy in a vast variety of fields. Without well-equipped libraries, this would be unthinkable. Our libraries are truly one of our greatest arsenals of democracy.





# The Organizing Committee and Its Activities

MERLE M. HOOVER

Secretary, Library Development Plan Committee

THE "Friends of the Columbia Libraries," of which *Columbia Library Columns* is the official organ, is the successor of a former organization, "The Friends of the Library of Columbia University," which operated from 1928 to 1938.

This first Friends' organization was the shadow of three distinguished men—George A. Plimpton, David Eugene Smith, and Frank D. Fackenthal. These three attracted around them a membership of ten Honorary Life Members and two hundred and fifty lay members both from the campus and off campus. The group was successful from the start. It created an area of good feeling about the Columbia Library and its interests. It also contributed to the Library a series of gifts, notably the David Eugene Smith Collection of mathematical books and materials and the George A. Plimpton Collection of textbooks. The organization flourished until its work was interrupted by the long illness of David Eugene Smith. When that grand old gentleman and scholar died in 1938, the organization died with him.

During the years since his death the necessity for a like organization has become increasingly evident. Analogous groups around the Libraries of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Rutgers, and other universities have been highly successful, and their success has been publicized through attractive publications. It was manifest destiny that Columbia and some of her well-wishers, members of what President Eisenhower terms the "Columbia family," should attempt to revive the interrupted work of the earlier organization.

Early in 1950 a group of devotees gathered around Dean Carl White; Henry Rogers Benjamin, General Chairman of the Development Program for the University Libraries; and Dallas Pratt, Chairman of the Development Plan Committee. A larger committee grew by accretion into what is now known as the Organizing Committee of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries. Subcommittees were appointed to formulate constructive policies and plans for the group.

The men and women who are sponsoring this revived organization are representative of the love of books that surrounds the Columbia Library. They are:

1. Dallas Pratt (Chairman): graduate of Columbia's medical school, formerly Consulting Psychiatrist in the Columbia Medical Office, and a book collector who has made a specialty of Keats.
2. Seymour M. Adelman, of Chester, Pa.: collector of books and manuscripts of English poetry and American history, and a frequent donor to the Library's Special Collections.
3. Henry Rogers Benjamin: financier and promoter. With his sister, Mrs. Aubrey Cartwright, he presented the Park Benjamin Collection to the Library.
4. Norman Cousins: Editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, leader in significant movements and, decidedly, a man of books.
5. Virginia C. Gildersleeve: Dean Emeritus of Barnard College, and one of Columbia's most distinguished citizens.
6. August Heckscher: Associate Editor of the *Herald-Tribune*, author, and a co-founder of the Ashlar Press.
7. Mrs. Donald F. Hyde: Ph.D. Columbia. With her husband, she is a benefactor of libraries here and abroad, and a keen collector (Mr. and Mrs. Hyde's Samuel Johnson collection is outstanding).
8. Valerien Lada-Mocarski: bank vice-president and director, international man of affairs. He owns a collection of rare books and maps on early travels from the West to Muscovy and on the discovery of Alaska. He will become Chairman of the Friends in 1952.

There are in addition three ex officio members:

Carl M. White: Director of Libraries and Dean of the School of Library Service.

Langdon Sully: Director of Development for the Libraries.

Merle M. Hoover (Secretary): sponsor of the Park Benjamin Collection, author, and for thirty years a faculty member at Columbia.

The work of the Committee so far has been exploratory, but with a growing sense of the significance of its effort. The subcommittees have endeavored to draw up an appropriate constitution and to plan a membership drive and a series of activities.

These activities reached their climax in the meeting held in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library on the evening of May 1, 1951. Roland Baughman, Director of Special Collections, had arranged in cases around the Rotunda a selection of the "One Hundred Chief Treasures" of the Library and had prepared a catalogue that should eventually be a collector's item. Dallas Pratt presided. Dr. Kirk, Vice President and Provost of the University, extended a welcome to the guests and gave assurance of the University's approval of and cooperation in the project. Mark Van Doren in the feature speech recalled nostalgic memories of the time when the Rotunda was the main reading room of the library, with the world's best books where the reader could handle and read them. August Heckscher succinctly explained the purpose of the revived "Friends" and made a plea for membership. After the program the Grayson Kirks and the Mark Van Dorens received, and refreshments were served. An audience of over two hundred filled the Rotunda. From comments made then and later, it was evident that those who attended realized that they were sharing in an important project.

During the summer the Committee followed up the impetus afforded by the meeting with an organized membership drive. As a result the present membership is about one hundred, and growing. See the membership list on pages 25-26.

As the school year opens, the Committee is formulating interesting plans. *Columbia Library Columns* will be published in three numbers under the editorship of Dr. Pratt. There will be a number of major meetings during the year. The first will be in the Avery Library on December 11th. Francis Taylor, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, will preside. The principal speaker will be Ralph Walker, Past President of the American Institute of Architects. An exhibition of the outstanding architectural books of Avery will be arranged and introduced by the Librarian, Professor Van Derpool.



# The Story of a Plastic Surgery Library

JEROME P. WEBSTER, M.D.

IF A statistician were to attempt to chart the growth of the Webster Library of Plastic Surgery with all its ramifications, it would require a very complicated series of graphs on one chart or several separate charts. One would have to portray the number of books, reprints, portraits, association items, and also photographs of patients who have been treated, kodachrome slides, motion pictures, and artists' sketch books. All of these form a working unit which may be used for the dissemination of knowledge of the specialty of Plastic Surgery dating from earliest reported history to the present day. It is obvious that in order to make the library most useful it must be thought of as a whole and not just a collection of books stacked away and only accessible through the means of catalogue cards.

The statistician would probably begin with a sharply rising line starting from a base line to represent my first acquisition of medical books. These were textbooks on anatomy, histology, physiology, and physiological chemistry acquired when I started as a callow first year medical student. These handsome volumes with gold leaf titles, glossy paper and countless illustrations, the cost of which bit far more deeply than expected into the budget for the first semester, had been selected with great care after consultation with those students who had been "through the mill" in previous years. They had stressed the fact that any textbook three or four years old was out of date, if a new edition had been published.

The dotted line might then have risen to really tremendous heights within a month after my medical career had begun, for an older schoolmate offered to give me the entire medical library left him as a legacy by his wealthy physician father. Imbued with the idea that only the latest books were of value and faced with the difficulties and expense of storing such a library for six or seven years during the pursuit of Medicine without monetary reward, I felt it unwise to accept this splendid offer. What literary

gems and incunabula this library contained I never learned, but in later years I greatly regretted my decision.

Additional medical textbooks were acquired as new courses were started, and an appreciation of the value of old books was gradually gained as reference to original sources was required. The hectic days of an overworked interne and assistant resident in Surgery left far too little time for reading and the collection of books.

Returning to a year of post-war residency in Baltimore, the "call of the East" from the Rockefeller Foundation in 1921 was answered, and four years of surgical work in the unique city of Peking followed. Here in that picturesque new medical school and hospital was installed the most outstanding medical library west of California, and more time was given me for delving into medical literature and for the acquisition of a library.

It was a fertile field for a budding plastic surgeon, and the all too scanty literature on reparative procedures was eagerly scanned. The challenge of many difficult cases and the joy which came from restoring the bodies and souls of these distressed patients, together with an apparent flair for this type of surgery, seemed to indicate that a professional niche had been reached.

Upon returning to New York in April 1928 for the opening of the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, I soon discovered and frequented the splendid Medical Library there. Particularly helpful, painstaking, and stimulating was Miss Elizabeth E. Schramm, the Assistant Medical Librarian at that time. She carefully searched in books and magazines for all information relating to the bizarre cases encountered in the Plastic Surgery Clinic I had started, and occasionally as we looked over the reference cards and articles she had collected, she would wait patiently for me to awake when I dozed off after a long day of operations. She also exposed me to the pleasurable but pocket-emptying delights of book catalogue perusal. While such of the few modern textbooks of Plastic Surgery as those of John Staige Davis and Sir Harold Gillies had been acquired, practically nothing of the older works on Plastic Surgery was then included in my collection.

Dr. Allen O. Whipple, Professor of Surgery at Presbyterian



Hospital, had wisely permitted the funds collected from my private patients during my three years of service on full-time salary to be placed in a special Plastic Surgery Fund which was put at my disposal. From this fund I was enabled not only to pay for my expenses to attend occasional medical meetings but also to buy the equipment for building up the Division of Plastic Surgery, and to procure books relating to this specialty.

In 1929 Miss Schramm called to my attention an enticing item offered for sale,—a copy of the first folio edition of Gaspare Tagliacozzi's classic, the first book published on Plastic Surgery, *De curtorum chirurgia per insitionem* (The surgery of deformities by transplantation), apud G. Bindonum Jr., Venice, 1597. The sale price of £50, or approximately \$250, seemed at that time rather out of reach, but the book was eventually cabled for and joyfully received. The possession of a copy of this early monument in the specialty whetted not only my interest in the history of the subject, but also my desire to learn all I could about the life of this pioneer. All available information relating to this man was eagerly absorbed, but so little was known about his life that a personal investigation of original sources seemed only fitting.

In 1931, before I started in private practice, a trip was taken to Europe with the main object of finding one or two original documents about Tagliacozzi. The result of this trip was that well over one hundred such documents were eventually unearthed with the collaboration of Miss Martha Teach, later Mrs. Dante Gnudi, a graduate of the University of Southern California. I found her in Bologna, acquiring her Ph.D. degree on a fellowship there at the "Alma Mater Studiorum." With her services secured for an investigation in Italy for two periods of six months each, separated by a like period of time in the United States, the search developed into a hunt comparable to a Sherlock Holmes tale. It culminated in the publication in 1935 of a preliminary book in Italian briefly describing Tagliacozzi's life as we had been able to reconstruct it from these newly found documents, and in a much more comprehensive study which was published in English early in 1951.\*

\* The Life and Times of Gaspare Tagliacozzi, Surgeon of Bologna, 1545-1599, by Martha Teach Gnudi and Jerome Pierce Webster, New York, 1951.

In the interval between the appearance of these two books all the available pertinent publications relating to this period were acquired for leisurely study in the library. The easy access to this material for reference proved most valuable in the compilation of an accurate history of the period.

During the 1931 trip to Europe the earliest known procedures for transferring full thickness flaps from one lip to another were rediscovered and various libraries in Copenhagen, Berlin, Leipzig, Bologna, Paris and London were visited to comb their shelves for all books relating to Plastic Surgery. Those shops in Berlin and Leipzig in particular were fruitful, not only in the way of books but also of original theses which are so often hidden away and not made available to investigators.

It was at this time that I ran across the trail of Dr. William H. Welch, better known as "Popsy," who was scouring Europe to collect books for the new library named after him at Johns Hopkins, and I learned of one incident of his trip. He had wandered into a small bookshop in Paris and asked to see all the medical books that were there. The bookseller presently brought two books to the table where Popsy had seated himself, and then left for a further search, eventually fetching a total of eight more books. Popsy immediately recognized one of the first two books as being one of which there were only two known copies. This rarity he pushed aside and bargained with the bookseller for the remaining nine. A moderate sum was asked for these, and Popsy haggled for a time over the quoted price. Finally he said, "Well, if you'll throw this one in," pointing to the tenth book, "I'll take them at that price"—and was sold the lot. This shrewd bargaining which probably came down from Popsy's New England horse-trading ancestors was made possible only by Popsy's remarkable memory and his wide knowledge of the literature of the field of medicine.

As private practice increased it was possible to buy more important works in the field of Plastic Surgery as they appeared in the catalogues. In 1932 one of those items which was sought and to which a slight reference was found in an article, was Alexander Read's book, *Chirurgorum comes, or the whole practice of*

*chirurgery*, London, 1687. This book was probably published by one of Read's students under his name after Read's death. A photostatic copy of the title page of this work had been obtained from the Surgeon General's Library, and further photostats of the first six pages relating to Plastic Surgery were requested.

At this time I was a "tutor" living in the penthouse in Bard Hall, the medical student residence which overlooks the Hudson River. One evening a second year medical student called upon me to ask if I could identify a portion of a book he had found in the attic of the house to which his family had just moved. Without covers or back, it had evidently been torn out of a book and discarded as worthless by the previous occupants of the house. In print and format, it was comparable to books published during the latter part of the 17th century, and as I perused the pages I discovered that it dealt first with Midwifery and then with Plastic Surgery. Subsequent comparison with the photostatic pages later received from the Surgeon General's Library identified it as Read's book summarizing, chapter by chapter, the second part of Tagliacozzi's classic which dealt with the practice of the art of Plastic Surgery. I naturally was extremely anxious to possess this small portion of Read's book, as it gave the essence of Tagliacozzi's method of restoring deformed noses.

Three years earlier I had started having a translation made of the meandering thoughts in Tagliacozzi's Part I on the Theory of the Art. It was extremely important to acquire this summary of Read. However, the medical student's enthusiasm to start collecting books on medical history with this fragment as a beginning was so great that I couldn't even think of asking him to sell it and so possibly nip in the bud what might otherwise become a flowering avocation. Not until eight years later was a copy of Read's book discovered in a catalogue and acquired. A second more perfect copy was obtained for the library four years later. The rarity of this item caused us to print in our 1951 English edition Read's entire abstract of Part II of Tagliacozzi's book along with new abstracts made of Part I to render Read's book readily available.

About this time Oscar Rothacker of Berlin offered for sale a remarkable number of books and theses which combined the li-



braries of two plastic surgeons. Here was a chance to raise the dotted line of the graph to undreamed of heights. The price asked was well above my ability to pay at that time, and this wonderfully fine collection seemed almost unobtainable. However, when it was learned that another American plastic surgeon, since deceased, was dickering for it, means for bringing it to the Medical Center were obtained by persuading Dr. Whipple to advance a sufficient amount of money from funds at his disposal until this could be repaid. Arrangements were made for an immediate down payment to the bookseller with the remainder cared for on the installment plan, and the books were shipped to New York.

It was my misfortune to have the German mark increase in value at just this time, before it eventually dipped to almost unfathomed depths with the inflation which subsequently ensued. However, the books were here, crowded into two of the three rooms which had been assigned me under the McCosh surgical amphitheater. These volumes vied for space with the growing number of files of correspondence and of many hundreds of photographs of patients which recorded various stages of the repair of their deformities. These duplicate copies of photographs, now greatly augmented, form an important part of the library for the purpose of comparison and study and for use in the publication of articles.

The Rothacker collection contained many volumes and dissertations relating wholly or in part to Plastic Surgery. Among the rare items were three incunabula volumes in mint condition—Argellata's *Chirurgia*, 1497, and Nicolaus Falcutius' *Sermones medicinales*, 1490–91 (2 vols.), all in contemporary bindings with rich blind tooling.

One of the most useful volumes acquired by this purchase was the remarkable and comparatively rare bibliographical work of Eduard Zeis, *Die literatur und geschichte der plastischen chirurgie*, Leipzig, 1863. With this and its even rarer "Supplement" as a basis, an endeavor has been made to obtain every principal item listed therein. During the past eighteen years only twice has this book appeared in catalogues. Both of these were purchased and one given to a resident in Plastic Surgery after the completion of

his service to stimulate his fledgling efforts in book collecting and to be a guide for the formation of *his* plastic surgery library.

In the ensuing years an effort has been made to fill every lacuna that existed in this special library, but the field is so broad, touching as it does on all the other surgical and many of the medical and dental specialties, that the aim to fill all lacunae in the collection can never be attained.

The Webster Library of Plastic Surgery is probably the most complete in existence. It now consists of approximately 15,000 items of which about 3,500 are books, 8,000 theses and dissertations, and the remainder reprints of articles published in medical magazines. Some 20 current periodicals dealing with various phases of Plastic Surgery and medical history are on the shelves, readily available to staff members and students.

The book and periodical division of the library is made up of three main groups: first, recent books, and reprints and periodicals dealing with Plastic Surgery which were published after 1800, since this date approximates the beginning of the revival of the art of Plastic Surgery in Europe, after it had lain dormant for nearly 200 years following Tagliacozzi and his immediate successors; second, medical and surgical works of the past dealing wholly or in part with Plastic Surgery; and third, reference works—histories of medicine, biographies, bibliographies and dictionaries.

Among the rare volumes in the collection is Walter Ryff's *Die grosz chirurgen*, 1545, and another is the *Italia* of Giovanni Antonio Magini (1555–1617), who was a colleague of Tagliacozzi. This volume, a magnificent early cartography of Italy, is seldom seen today.

Another rarity is Thomas Gemini's plagiarism of the Anatomy of Vesalius, *Compendiosa totius anatomie delineatio*, London, 1553. This is said to contain the first steel engravings to have been made in England and to be the first medical book published in English.

To the library is added a collection of objects, such as instruments used in Plastic Surgery, portraits of famous plastic surgeons, including a charcoal drawing of the fabulous Dieffenbach and



another of his wife, and autographs, with the prize item a unique parchment record book from the Pharmacy of St. Paul in Bologna, containing prescriptions signed by the various proto-medici, such as Aldrovandi and Tagliacozzi or their colleagues who wrote in it for a period of 30 years around the turn of the 16th century. (In so far as is known, this is the only signature of Tagliacozzi in the United States.) Lastly, there are numerous engravings. One of these is the seldom-seen 1794 picture of the Hindu rhinoplastic operation which sparked the revival of Plastic Surgery in Europe a few years later. From a recent trip to Europe there were brought back two of the three life-size engravings done by Ercole Lelli in 1780-81 of the famous flayed figures sculptured by him in wood. These upheld the figure of Anatomy in the Archiginnasio in Bologna before this structure was bombed in World War II. Only eight such sets of engravings are known to exist today.

For several years a collection was made of books, manuscript lecture notes made by medical students, autographs, and letters and pictures relating to the history, before 1830, of King's College Medical School, the Medical Department of Columbia College and the College of Physicians and Surgeons. It was subsequently felt that this collection more properly belonged with a similar collection in the Medical Library. All the items were accordingly donated to this library, many of them being deemed so rare and valuable as to warrant inclusion with others in the safe of the Dean of the Medical School.

It was in 1939 that negotiations were started to turn the Library of Plastic Surgery over to Columbia. Various conditions were considered to govern such a gift and rules were formulated for the use of the books under a closer association with the Medical Library. After a few minor modifications, President Butler stated that these conditions were satisfactory and he consented to a deed of gift to Columbia being drawn.

It is obvious that no collection of books is doing valuable service if it is not used; with certain precautions, it should be made as accessible as possible to those most interested in and entitled to use it. There is much pleasure and temptation to browse if one is

frequently exposed to stacks of books, properly grouped, where the titles are invitingly near and the lifting of a hand reveals the minds and methods of outstanding men of today and yesteryear.

An attempt has been made to attract the members of the Plastic Surgery Staff to use this library with all its thousands of photographic records and artists' drawings as well as printed items. Staff conferences are regularly held in the Library. Here, on the spur of the moment, a series of photographs can be "pulled," koda-chrome films projected, drawings of operative steps demonstrated or an original source book reached for.

The Library of the Royal College of Surgeons has recently been made by Lord Webb-Johnson more attractive and alive by having dinners for 200 or more persons served each month in the main reading room. This summer I was honored by being dined at the College in a small library in the President's rooms. The dinner was served at a table decorated by silver which had once belonged to Henry VIII, to William Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, to the great Cheselden, to Bland-Sutton and to others. We sat about the table surrounded by aging tomes and ancient pharmaceutical jars, and the giants of old looked over our shoulders. Who could plot a chart to denote the interest such a picture engenders?

While it is possible to show the physical growth of the Webster Library by a complicated graph, one can *never* measure the influence such a living collection exerts.



# Chance Encounters at Avery

JAMES GROTE VAN DERPOOL

Avery Librarian

*On page 21 we begin the first of a series of articles describing "Adventures in Acquisitions": an account of experiences connected with recent additions to the Collections. Here, the Avery Librarian has surveyed like experience in recent years at America's leading architectural Library, which will be the setting of the December meeting of the Friends.*

RECENTLY I have found myself indulging in a highly unprofessional form of speculation. That this should occur in the year of the heaviest responsibilities that I have so far encountered, is in itself somewhat odd. One hopes the term "escapism" can somehow be excluded from this discussion.

Briefly, I began to inquire in what way the great collections of the world, whether in art, in books, rare furniture or other delightful things, would have been altered if the element of chance, unwarranted enthusiasm of a moment or unexpected generosity in unforeseen places, had been barred from the process of forming a collection.

The fascinating, but certainly unscientific, procedures which resulted in the forming of the Imperial Austrian Collections are well known. In our own country the inside history of the Gardner Collection in Boston is an exciting narrative. The Morgan, the Frick, the Bache and other great American collections do not stem from a coldly scientific, dispassionate approach to the problem. The heart, as well as the mind, chance as well as controlled circumstances, certainly entered into the achievements represented by these great collections.

In a lesser way it strikes one that Avery Architectural Library has not achieved its unique position in the world solely through the use of the "little grey cells." Thinking over the history of the collection, one is forced to admit that the deity who controls chance circumstance has occasionally looked this way, sometimes in an oddly amusing fashion. I still recall with embarrassment and some perplexity how the beautiful Avery copy of one of the

rarest of 16th century French architectural books came to Columbia. For thirty years Avery Library had tried unsuccessfully to secure a fine copy of Jacques Androuet du Cerceau's *Les plus excellents bastiments de France* . . . . Cables had been sent to the great countries of Europe when a copy would be offered. With an unfailing regularity replies would come: "Regret, copy sold." At auctions, others with a freer purse would gleefully divert it from us.

One day a friend of the library reported that he was disposing of his books and that Avery might have priority in choosing from them. I spent a day examining a great room filled from floor to ceiling with delightful volumes, finding only three which were not already in our collection. Two weeks later I sat at my desk and in my mind's eye saw the bookshelves to the right of the fireplace in the room I had visited earlier. With curious clarity I could read the name "du Cerceau" on the back of one of the books. Apologetically, I phoned and asked the secretary in the household to check the fifth shelf, one-third of the way over from the right flank of the chimney breast, to see if such a volume were there. To my surprise the answer was in the affirmative, but unhappily, only the first of the two volumes was reported present. Collectors will appreciate my hesitation over the idea of acquiring only half of a two-volume set, but since we had a beautiful facsimile of the entire work, it was decided gratefully to accept the isolated volume. In the back of my mind was the thought that some day we might have to purchase both volumes in order to obtain the complete work.

I went for the book personally but could not examine it, because of involved circumstances, until the next day. Volume II was bound with Volume I—we had a complete copy! Clearly, a benevolent deity controlled the situation.

The chief possession of the Avery collection is the great unpublished Serlio manuscript on domestic architecture, which was lost before it could find its place in the published works of Sebastiano Serlio around the middle of the 16th century. The publishers substituted what Serlio drawings they could find dealing with the problem, and brought a substitute volume into being.



Incorrectly designated, the lost manuscript turned up in England in the 18th century, found its way into a Scotch collection in the 19th century, and, by an odd chance, in the 20th century passed through a London dealer's hands and was directed to Avery Library. It remained here for two years, before sufficient financial assistance could be secured for its acquisition. The Avery Librarian of the time, a noted scholar, following a line of reasoning that the Baker Street Regulars would have applauded, finally identified it as the missing Serlio and doubtless the most important Renaissance architectural manuscript in this country.

Dr. Dinsmoor has worked on this manuscript for more than twenty years and it is hoped that it may be published as a *first edition* of Serlio in 1954, to mark the 200th anniversary of Columbia College, which by strange chance coincides with the 400th anniversary of the death of Sebastiano Serlio.

A situation that we still smile at in Avery began in a light-hearted way when the Assistant Librarian was leaving for Europe for family reasons, and inquired if there was any commission he could undertake for Avery. Jokingly, I wrote out: "John Shute, *The first and chief growndes of architecture* . . . London, 1563." This was the first architectural book printed in the English language. There are only six known copies in the world, five of which are already in public collections in Great Britain. We parted, smiling knowingly at our little joke. Later, he visited a famous dealer in London and asked to be notified should a copy ever come to the knowledge of that dealer. The dealer turned to a locked compartment, took out a book and inquired laconically: "Is this, by any chance, the one you're looking for?" It was the sixth copy—the only one in the world still available—now no longer available except to users of Avery!

I would be reluctant to convey the idea that there is a private telephone connection between Avery and Olympus. Actually, while a score of such happy accidents have occurred, in all honesty I am compelled to admit that Avery does not depend *solely* for its growth on such "guided circumstances."



# Adventures in Acquisitions

ROLAND BAUGHMAN

Director of Special Collections

*In each issue of Columbia Library Columns, some of the more notable current additions to the collections will be discussed. Such additions fall into distinct categories, and it will be by categories that they will be described. The present article deals with gifts of single items that have come in recent months—items that are unique in every sense; unique in themselves, and unique in the fact that their deposit in the Columbia Libraries is the result of a combination of rare circumstances. Their acquisition carries the special responsibility that goes with the custodianship of treasures that belong not to any single individual or institution, but form part of the whole range of cultural resources of the entire intellectual world.*

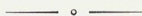
MORE than forty years ago, on January 19, 1909, Columbia University held a celebration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe. For the occasion a select exhibition was placed on display, consisting of notable Poe editions and manuscripts, many of which had been borrowed for the occasion from friends of Columbia.

Among the borrowed items were three priceless relics of Poe's fevered life—a rare daguerreotype portrait showing the author in one of his last poses; a letter in Poe's careful script to one of his several publishers, John Reuben Thompson, editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*; and an original manuscript of "Annabel Lee," one of three copies in Poe's handwriting now known to exist. All of these mementoes had once belonged to Thompson; upon his death they had passed first to his sister, Mrs. Quarles, and then to his second cousin, Isaac Michael Dyckman. They had been lent for the exhibition by Mr. Dyckman's widow.

Within recent weeks these three precious relics were once again brought to Columbia—this time to remain as a permanent part of the resources which are preserved in the Columbia Libraries. They had been bequeathed to the University by the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dyckman, the late Mrs. Alexander McMillan Welch—a true friend of Columbia, and a generous donor to the Libraries.

On the morning of May 27, 1773, George Washington escorted his stepson, John Parke Custis, to the portals of King's College (as Columbia was then called) to be enrolled as a student. They had made the tedious journey from Mount Vernon on the strength of the excellent reputation of King's College, and because it was situated in New York—"the most polite and fashionable place on the continent." Many years later, in 1789, Washington, then just beginning his first term as President of the United States, attended the Columbia College commencement exercises in St. Paul's Chapel at Broadway and Vesey Street—possibly his first appearance as President at a public function not directly connected with official matters.

Only a few months ago Mr. Charles Moran, Jr., presented to Columbia University George Washington's manuscript diaries for the years 1795 and 1798—the former Washington's last year but one as President of his country, the latter his last year but one of mortal life. These were the only Washington diaries known to have remained in private hands, and they had been treasured and passed on by successive generations of Mr. Moran's family since 1827, when they had been given to his maternal ancestors, Robert and Margaret Adams of Philadelphia, by Judge Bushrod Washington, the First President's nephew and literary executor. Now they have been entrusted to the Columbia Libraries for preservation and for wider use by scholars.



In the year 1752 Benjamin Franklin printed a little volume of precepts in logic and metaphysics entitled *Elementa Philosophica: containing chiefly, Noetica*. It had been compiled by Dr. Samuel Johnson (who was later to become the first president of King's College) for the edification of his sons; it was also to be used, in the published form, as a text in the College that was then being organized.

The Printer and the Scholar were well acquainted, and an extensive correspondence between them is known. Recently there turned up a letter, dated October 27, 1753, from Franklin to Johnson which dealt with the latter's volume, *Noetica*. Learning

of this letter, Mr. Edmund Prentis (EM, '06) immediately purchased it and has placed it in the Columbia University Libraries.

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Dr. Hideki Yukawa, hospitalized by fatigue following his receipt of the Nobel Award in Physics in 1949, was visited by President Eisenhower, who admired a painting which had been sent to the physicist by Fukuda Bisen, artist of Hyogo Prefecture in Japan. The General's admiration of the painting was relayed to Mr. Fukuda, who replied that he would like to reproduce his earlier work of thirty scrolls depicting China scenes, for deposit in and the decoration of the East Asiatic Library of Columbia University. Mr. Fukuda had twice before painted the scenes, each time in thirty scrolls, each scroll measuring two-and-a-half feet by forty feet; both sets had been disastrously destroyed. To accomplish his new undertaking Mr. Fukuda, who was 76 on September 5th of this year, schedules one scroll every three months; the entire project, on that basis, will take more than seven years to complete. The first scroll was received in May and is on view now in the East Asiatic Library. Two others have already been started on their voyage across the Pacific Ocean.

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These are some of the adventures in the growth of the Columbia Libraries which we want to share with our friends. The items described above are unique treasures: they will be protected carefully and worn proudly, as befits crown jewels. But by their addition to the roll of similar treasures already here through the generosity of past benefactors, a special kind of strength and value is created for them which is over and above the intrinsic worth of the individual pieces:—the strength of union, the value that is formed of numbers and variety. These are shared increases; by their acquisition all of Columbia's resources have been enhanced in usefulness to scholars and to future generations of students.

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## Other Recent Gifts

- HEPBURN, HAWLEY S. Four manuscript diaries of the Civil War period, describing life in the camps and hospitals. *From Prof. Roland Gibson, University of Illinois.*
- KELLY, J. FREDERICK. The twenty large original drawings prepared for his *Early Connecticut Architecture* (William Helburn, Inc.), together with the proof plates. *From Mrs. Hannah D. Helburn.*
- MERCIER, VIVIAN H. S. Ten letters from various literary contemporaries. *From Mr. Vivian H. S. Mercier.*
- JAPANESE AND WESTERN PUBLICATIONS. Fifteen Japanese language publications and ten Western language publications, dictionaries, anthologies, etc. Of special interest is a copy of the *Rômajî Mammyôshû*, a complete romanized version of the oldest of the early Japanese anthologies. *From Mr. Dan F. Waugh.*
- TILDEN, SAMUEL J. A large collection of letters, manuscripts, pamphlets, clippings, etc. of the American statesman representing his political campaign and career. *From Mrs. William Roy Smith.*
- ALLEN, ARTHUR S., COLLECTION OF COMMERCIAL TYPOGRAPHY. Eight hundred and fifty booklets, leaflets, brochures, and pamphlets illustrating American commercial typography, ca. 1900-1940. *From Miss Lorain Fawcett.*
- LIMITED EDITIONS. Fifty titles issued by the Limited Editions Club and ten issued by Cheshire House, adding materially to the holdings of the Library in the field of fine printing. *From Mr. William M. Lybrand.*
- LATROBE, BENJAMIN H. A four-page letter, 1798, to Dr. Scandella, a personal letter concerning a hitherto unknown architectural commission. *From Mr. H. G. Dwight.*
- SELIGMAN, EDWIN R. A. Eight volumes from Professor Seligman's personal file of his ephemeral writings—reviews, articles, essays, etc. *From Mr. Eustace Seligman.*
- MATTHEWS, BRANDER. Thirty-three letters to Mrs. Agnes Ethel Tracy and Mrs. Agnes Henderson. *From Prof. Harold G. Henderson.*
- THE CONSERVATOR. A complete set of the *Conservator*, Philadelphia, March, 1890-June, 1919, vols. 1-30, containing extensive Whitman criticism and appreciation. *From Mrs. Frank J. Sprague.*
- SPECIAL EDITIONS. Twenty-seven volumes, autographed editions, inscribed copies, first editions of Theodore Dreiser, John Masefield, Elinor Wylie, *et al.* *From Mrs. Frank J. Sprague.*
- EARLY AMERICAN MANUSCRIPTS AND LETTERS. A collection of manuscripts and printed items of Alexander J. Dallas, Joseph Story, Stephen Girard, *et al.* *From Mr. Seymour Adelman.*
- NOTT, STANLEY CHARLES. *Chinese Jade Carvings of the XVIth to the XIXth Century in the Collection of Mrs. Georg U. Vetlesen.* Three leather-bound folio volumes of a numbered edition describing this famous collection. *From Mrs. Georg U. Vetlesen.*

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*The libraries of Columbia University have many friends. The following list includes only those who have formally enrolled in the organization known as The Friends of the Columbia Libraries.*

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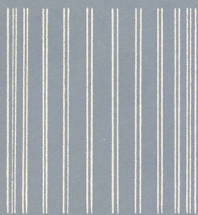








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# COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



## Friendship Without A Price Tag

*When I choose my friend I will not stay till I have received a kindness; but I will choose such a one that can do me many if I need them; but I mean such kindnesses which make me wiser, and which make me better.*

JEREMY TAYLOR

WHEN the invitations to join the Friends of the Columbia Libraries first went out, a leaflet was enclosed listing privileges and obligations. The privileges were many; the obligations simply: "An annual contribution of five dollars or more."

To ask someone to be your friend, and in the next breath to ask him for five dollars (or more): isn't that rather a dubious proceeding?

The necessity of reprinting the leaflet brought this question to the attention of the Council. The more we thought about it, the more it seemed that friendship didn't belong either in the bargain basement or anywhere else in the store.

Now of course, the Libraries need the help of their Friends. Of course we need money to run this organization, to publish the COLUMNS, and to put on exhibitions and meetings. But we feel uncomfortable about offering friendship with a five-dollar price tag.

So we have done away even with that lowly minimum, and are asking the Friends to set their own pace in supporting us. You will find on page 35 of this issue the results of all these soul-searchings. Please read them. Then respond in your own way. We think that only friendship unconstrained can make the Columbia Libraries "wiser and better."

# My Life With Goudy

ALICE GOUDY LOCHHEAD

*When we learned that Mrs. Lochhead would be willing to relate some reminiscences of her famous father-in-law, the late Frederic W. Goudy, we were delighted to let her tell the story in her own way and in her own words. We are sure that our readers will be as delighted as we were in this affectionate account of her life with one of the great type designers.*

THE FIRST TIME I met Mother and Dad Goudy was at the pier in New York City. They were coming home from Europe, where Dad had gone to buy an engraving machine. Dad, of course, was very gruff and very important. For the first couple of months, every time I started to say something, I would feel that he was looking right through me.

After a while I found that this gruffness was only on the surface, that he wanted everybody to think he was just the gruffest person, but that he wasn't at all. Inside he was warm-hearted and very, very nice. I think he was perfect. He was very fond of animals, especially cats and dogs. We had lots of dogs—two Newfoundlanders, a Great Dane, a Boston terrier, and an English toy spaniel. We sometimes had as many as three toy spaniels at one time. Dad never liked dachshunds until, when his spaniel died, I brought one home and said, "This is for you." He said, "I wouldn't be caught feeding that dog a biscuit." But it wasn't long before "that dog" was in his lap and he was petting it.

When Mother Goudy died, I took over completely for twelve years. Dad and I never really disagreed, but we did have our arguments of course. Having worked so closely with Mother for forty years and taken her advice on so many things, he naturally turned to me. He would bring a piece of printing or layout to me and ask me how I liked it. If I said, "It doesn't look right, Goudy," he would come back with, "Well, what do you know about it? You

don't know the first thing about type; it's the best thing I've ever done!" But he would go back to work on it, often accepting the changes suggested, and then bring it to me again with, "Well, how do you like it now?" And I'd say, "Why, Dad, it's wonderful!"

Dad loved to eat. He'd say, "Now tomorrow, let's have so and so." We had a lot of dinner parties, and Dad would tell me beforehand to have something nice on the table. Afterward he'd say jokingly, "Well, it's too bad the neighbors had to bring in something; Alice wasn't up to it." I enjoyed living with him and Mother.

Mother Goudy was a charming person and made you feel as though you had always known her. From the first day on, we were together constantly and had a lot of fun together. We liked the same things — travel and birds. I took over the management of the house and the care of the birds, while she devoted all her time to typesetting. When she was free, we would take trips to New York to shop or to see a show. Or we would go to the nearby woods and collect wild flowers. Or perhaps go shopping for antiques.

One day she heard over the radio that the "Graf Zeppelin" was going to land at Lakehurst, New Jersey, on her first trip, and said, "Let's drive down." Dad at first said, "No!" Our new car was only a week old, and he said he didn't think I'd be able to drive through all that traffic. He finally talked himself into having to drive us down. We left the house at ten o'clock at night, and arrived at the field about two or three hours before the zeppelin was due to arrive, at five-thirty in the morning. There were hundreds of cars there. Dad thought it was all so stupid and felt so sorry for himself. He complained that there was no place to sit except in the car, and he thought that was dreadful. Unknown to him I had put in a couple of beach chairs and pillows and a thermos bottle of coffee. So now I took them out, much to his surprise and delight, and he sat there in the beach chair just as pleased and comfortable as could be. On the way home he said, "Aren't you girls glad I brought you along?"

Mother Goudy enjoyed animals and birds, especially birds. We raised them. We made a sanctuary for them out of our sun porch.



The floor was covered with dirt and sand, and we planted trees. A special fountain was placed over the radiator so that the water wouldn't be too cold, seed boxes were put in several spots, and each bird had its own nest. Dad didn't like the work end of this project, but he enjoyed the birds. We had a parrot which came off a French ship and which spoke nothing but French. Mother Goudy said, "We are going to take up French." So we studied hard; but by the time we learned to speak French to the parrot, he was speaking English. Mother spoke French fluently, Dad not at all. When we spoke in French, Dad would look at us as though we were crazy. "Why don't you just say 'shut the door' in English?" he'd ask. He got a kick out of it nevertheless.

He was very careless about money, even in his business transactions. He went to New York at least twice a week and invariably, just as the train was coming into the station I'd ask him, "Have you any money?" He would look and if he had two or three dollars it was rare; most of the time he had nothing, so I always had to have money with me. One day he and Mother Goudy were going to New York together. She thought he had the money and he thought she had it. Neither had more than a dollar in change. I had twenty dollars and gave it to Dad. When they arrived home that evening, Mother said, "Fred, pay Alice the money you borrowed." He said, "Don't be foolish. What's the use? I would only have to borrow it again tomorrow." But I always received much more than I gave, both in money and in kindness and everything that makes for a very happy life.

Dad's work day was long and was strictly organized. If breakfast wasn't on the table at eight-thirty, it was just too bad. Lunch had to be ready at twelve-thirty no matter what happened. He would get up around eight o'clock, have his breakfast, and then would work steadily until lunch—cutting, drawing, or reading about what he was going to do. He wouldn't rest even for five minutes. After lunch he would rest for an hour or so, and then go back to the shop, where he would work until dinner time. He'd finish dinner about seven-thirty or seven-forty-five, and start right in again



working, often until twelve or one o'clock in the morning if he had a special job to do.

Of course he had many interesting commissions, and he was very independent in his dealings with people. One time Mr. McArthur of Higgins-McArthur Company, printers for Rich's Store down in Atlanta, wanted Dad to do the store name over. He said he would. A young lady came up from Rich's, and Dad showed her his drawing and asked her, "How's that?" She thought it was fine and flew back to Atlanta with it. Two or three days later Dad received a call from Rich's asking him if he could fly down to Atlanta. Dad asked, "What for?" They told him that someone else in the organization didn't like the ending of "Rich's" and wanted just a little more flourish. Dad said, "You send back my drawing, and you tell that man or woman to design the 'Rich's'." Of course they tried to reason with Dad. But he insisted that they send back the drawing, saying that any change in it wouldn't be Goudy and they could either take it or leave it. I still have this drawing. He never let them use it. You might say he just took four thousand dollars and tore it right up, only because they wanted to change the ending a bit. But he was like that, with intense pride in his work. After his death a friend of the firm wrote to me and asked if I wouldn't send it to them; but knowing how he felt about it, I couldn't do it. Dad had an awful temper, and he just might be Up There watching me.

After Dad had become famous, the National Biscuit Company advertising man brought in some old drawings that had been done around the turn of the century, and said, "I hear you're pretty good at designing; do you think you could copy our cut?" Dad let him talk on and on, and finally said, "I certainly ought to be able to do it; I did the first one." It seemed strange to me that after all those years they should come back to the same man. For the first cut I believe he received only five or ten dollars.

Dad designed for Pabst beer, but he never talked much about this commission, as he didn't like drink and didn't like to take even a little drink himself. He also designed for Kuppenheimer,

Kennerly, the *Woman's Home Companion*, and Saks Fifth Avenue.

I think that of all his type faces I like the Saks Fifth Avenue one most. One of the letters is cast in solid gold matrix. Vassar College has this now. Mr. Gimbel called Dad and asked him if he would do a special type for them, and Dad said he would. They talked it all over. Mr. Gimbel said he would give anything to have it done in gold. Dad said, "Yes, that would be good; let's do it in gold." He had a dreadful time with it, as the gold would stick. It was put aside when a new advertising manager for Saks took over.

Dad did altogether about 132 type faces, and he had names for all his cuts. "Deepdene" was named for our house, "Marlboro" was for the town, and "Village" was for the village of Hingham, Massachusetts. Dad designed a cut for Spencer Kellogg, the oil man, and called it just "Kellogg." A recent issue of *Holiday* has Goudy letter type. Dad had a sort of love for the different cuts, especially for "Deepdene," because he was so fond of the place and loved the house up there. This cut is down in the Library of Congress.

I always worried about how he was going to keep "Deepdene" up. In this the Coxheads were very nice. When I had to sell the house after Dad's death, it was bought by the Ralph C. Coxhead Corporation of Newark, New Jersey. They decided to have me set up a small museum, which we had for three years. After the death of its president, the Corporation decided to sell the house, and I bought it back. They were very generous, for although they had put a good deal into the place they sold it back to me for much less than their total investment. I am very grateful both for myself and for Mother and Dad Goudy, who loved "Deepdene" so much.

In all of his work, Dad leaned heavily on Mother Goudy, and her passing was a severe blow to him. She was a wonderful help-mate. He couldn't have done one-half as much as he did or have gone half as far as he did without her. She had worked with him before they were married. She was a typesetter, and did her own

typesetting, which was exquisite. She never changed a page. She put her heart and soul into everything she did, even to playing the piano. In an argument Mother Goudy would stand firm and Dad would become very much provoked; but he would come around to her way of thinking eventually and would say, "Well, I guess that's right."

While they were working on the book *Frankenstein*, she remarked—on nearing the end—"I hope I live to finish this book; it's beginning to get me down, it's so horrible. The others were so light and nice; I don't think I'll ever finish it." She did, although as it got toward the end I noticed she didn't look right. After it was finished, we took a trip to New York. Getting into the train she said, "I'm glad that that thing is over with. I haven't felt better in years." But on the return trip she had a stroke. She was in bed for a long time. She never recovered—she was a complete invalid for years. It was a great trial to her, for she wanted so badly to work.

After her death Dad felt so lost over at the shop and asked me one day what I would suggest. I told him, "You have that kitchen. How about taking that and turning it into a workshop?" He said it was the most foolish thing he had ever heard of. But I told him, "Give me a couple of men and I'll show you." We put up benches and so on, and when it was finished I asked him, "How's this?" He exclaimed, "Why, it's perfect!" We moved in most of the equipment that he had for drawing, and he worked there for several years. The real work was still done at the old shop until 1939, when the fire destroyed everything there. Then some of Dad's friends in New York started a fund for building him a new shop. Knowing how he felt about being alone in the shop without Mother Goudy, I suggested that he build one onto the library. The room turned out to be such a lovely one, really too nice for a shop. So he used it just for drawing and reading. Then we turned the sun porch into the real shop, and there he worked until he died.

Regarding the fires, the one on Twentieth Street occurred in



the early 1900's. That night Mother and Dad went home and took with them the book they had just finished. They had only this one commission. Everything else was destroyed. In the shop fire at Marlboro in 1939 everything that Dad owned was destroyed. Every pattern he ever made there, all his drawings, and all the mats were lost. My room was in the middle of the house, facing the shop. When I first saw the glow, I thought it was one of the neighbors' houses burning. I ran to the telephone, but it was dead. Realizing that the shop telephone was connected with our line, I called, "Dad, it's the shop!" He was very calm. All he said was, "It's a hell of a blaze, isn't it?" He appeared so unconcerned about it. We had a luncheon engagement that afternoon. I just wasn't any good, I was so upset; but Dad was as calm as could be. He sat down and never said one word about the fire to anyone. When, later, someone came in with an account of the fire in the *Tribune* and said, "I see you had a fire," he replied, "That's putting it mildly." Someone else asked, "What are you going to do now?" And he replied, "I still have my pencil."

From the very beginning he had always thrown all his cutouts in the waste basket. I would go through the basket and save them. After the fire, the Library of Congress wanted the patterns, and we had nothing but cutouts. Dad said he was glad I had saved them, but at the time he had thought it was so silly.

He made about half of his type faces without commission. He did them just for his own amusement, and let them be used by whoever wanted them. The "Goudy Thirty" he designed as his last face, and gave it to the Monotype Corporation of Philadelphia, to be used after his death. What his idea was in having it saved until after he died, I don't know exactly. It was someone else's idea, I think. I believe that when he was in California one of the newspapermen there asked him, "What are you leaving?" Dad replied that there were several faces. "Do you have one that has not been put on the market yet?" asked the man, and Dad replied, "No." The man then asked if he didn't think it would be a good idea to do a Goudy thirty. Dad agreed that it would,



and so did it and named it the "Goudy Thirty." Thirty, you know, is a printer's term meaning the end.

As it happened, this face was used before his death, and so it was not his last. He did one or two more faces before he died. Among others he drew the design, cut the working pattern and the casting mat for the University of California. This was the last face he worked on. I have in my shop two faces that he designed but never sold. One is a Hebrew face. Whether they will ever be used I don't know; but I shall always try to carry out Dad's wishes in regard to them, for I was both privileged and proud to have known him.

As to how he started doing printing himself, I remember that there was one type face that he had to have just right and those who were doing the cutting for him couldn't get certain things the way he wanted them. So he said, "We'll try it ourselves." He ground the tools and made the special mats and stereotype necessary. He made his own pattern blanks from metal sheets which he bought. He wasn't satisfied with the pantograph machine, so he went to Long Island and tried to get one. He wasn't satisfied with that either, and finally went to Germany and got one. He then went to Chicago to see how they worked there. When he came home, he got all the books he could possibly find on tool and die making, and proceeded to make his own tools. He would grind a tool for as long as four hours and never let up a minute until he got it perfect.

When he was cutting out patterns, he would have five or six different knives to cut with, and every one of the patterns was cut by hand. Every turn had to be just perfect before he was satisfied. He would sit up until twelve, one, or two o'clock in the morning cutting them out. He demanded perfection of himself.

He had his own ways of working. He might have an order for months before he touched it. Or he might receive a request for a cut and they would say, "We want it by the tenth; we *must* have it by the tenth." From the first to the sixth he wouldn't do anything on it; but on the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth he would

work all night on it. When I asked him what he was going to tell them if he didn't have it finished for them, he would answer, "I don't have to tell them anything."

I remember there was a Miss Bacon at the Vassar College Bookshop, who brought in a beautiful piece of pear wood for the sign outside her shop and asked Dad if he would do the lettering. A year later she called up and asked if I would please put a little pressure on Dad; she *would* like to have her sign. So I asked him about it. Yes, he had the board. Then I asked him to wrap it up, saying that I was going over there that afternoon and would take it to her, that she had asked for it and was probably going to get someone else to do it for her. I told him, "You've had it long enough." He replied, "You leave the board here; I'll do it. Wait until tomorrow; you can go over tomorrow." He worked until twelve that night, and I took it over the next day.

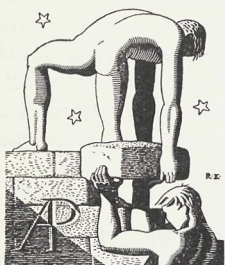
Dad was really an artist. He never bargained for any of his work. He just couldn't do it. He fixed the price for everything he did, and stuck to it. Or maybe he just wouldn't take the commission. One time Mr. Coxhead called him in and said, "We are going to put a machine on the market that will really do printing; would you do a face for us?" Dad said, "No, I'll send one of my students down." He sent Roger Bently, who designed the faces for them and who is still there.

Dad knew he was good. When we'd get into an argument over something, I'd say to him, "You think you're so darn good and you're not." To which he would reply, "I know I'm good." And I'd say, "You're not perfect." And he'd answer, "Show me any other man who has done one hundred and some odd type faces."

And I must answer meekly, but yet also proudly, "There is none." Dad Goudy was right. He was good. In fact, in my eyes he stands alone. And I am happy and proud to have had the opportunity of sharing his life and his work for so many years.

# The Enjoyment of Types

AUGUST HECKSCHER



“AND SO the founding of the Ashlar Press is announced . . . in September, 1930.” Thus more than two decades ago, set in Caslon italic under a handsome version of a sixteenth-century Italian phoenix, a notice went out that seemed to me at the time of considerable importance. Today you will look in vain for the name of Ashlar in any compendium of printing establishments. A few books gathering dust on the shelves of some hundred book-lovers and kind friends, a few happy memories, and a love of types that many disparate activities have not been able to dim—these are all that remain of a once-flourishing minor enterprise.

The editor has asked me to recall what I can of my early connection with printing; and I do so for one reason only. I am not at all under the illusion that what I did can be of antiquarian or bibliographic interest—far less of interest in the long and rich history of fine printing in this country. But it has occurred to me that printing as a hobby is a subject which might well be examined; that the examination might serve both as an enticement and as a warning to others, and that my own experiences with the Ashlar Press might be convenient as a peg.

Those experiences began at what might be called (though it certainly did not seem to me at the time) a “tender age.” My brother, two years younger than I, embarked on a course in type-setting while recuperating from a serious operation. When the

summer came, there was no peace in the household until he had types and a press of his own. He was fourteen at the time, given to exuberant partialities and endowed with a literary gift which the second World War was to cut off tragically. Already he had composed a long narrative poem on the history of Louis XVII of France, the first two lines of which I remember, and which certainly deserved to be set in a handsome, clear face, with a good flourish to start them off. "The Revolutionary War," the epic began—

"The Revolutionary War  
Bathed all of France in blood and gore . . ."

The purchase of the equipment had itself been a notable event. Trailed by numerous members of his family, my brother had descended on the American Type Founders and proceeded to reject almost every suggestion made by a sympathetic salesman. "What was good enough for Gutenberg is good enough for me," he insisted. Later that summer, nevertheless, there did arrive in the Adirondacks a proof press, a few fonts of Caslon, together with leads, spaces, a chase and furniture, a mallet and plane, a special can for kerosene and other necessities of the printer's trade. In unpacking all this and setting it up, my own involvement in the undertaking, and what was to become a rather passionate interest in types, had its beginning. That it was a modest beginning is indicated by the fact that the first "stick" of type which my brother and I laboriously set up began at the left-hand side, thus putting all the printed letters in reverse!

Two years later—I was eighteen by that time—the press had grown considerably. It had a name, taken from one of the greatest but least known of the poems of Kipling. The ashlar is a hewn building rock; Kipling uses it as a symbol of the craftsman's achievement, and one of his lines, referring to the building of a temple, seemed to us capable of standing appropriately in the colophon of a major work: "One stone the more swings into place." Rockwell Kent made us a press mark, showing the two



brothers, handsomely and nakedly silhouetted against the starred sky, lifting the stone; T. M. Cleland later brought us down to earth, clothed us slightly, and permitted us the use of a primitive machine to speed the arduous construction.

More than a name and mark, we had by 1932 several small books to our credit. I look over these now without quite the same dismay with which one sometimes reviews the escapades of one's youth. Margaret B. Evans, who was later to lend her skill to Mr. Frank Altschul's Overbrook Press, had then come over to carry the burden of the actual printing, while my brother and I were away at school and college. But the stream of letters which moved between us all reminds me now that no detail of design or workmanship escaped our eye. We had a small job business; we had acquaintances who suddenly revealed that for years they had been waiting to have some work of theirs set in type; and we were venturing forth from time to time on our own with volumes we published under the Ashlar name.

Soon afterwards the depression closed in. The press had paid for itself—though I remember detecting in the accounts which my brother kept one mysterious item which I deciphered as “evaporation.” But now books became harder to sell; I was increasingly absorbed in extra-curricular activities at Yale and my brother was going abroad to study. In 1933 the press was officially closed, though since then, usually with the help of Peter Beilenson at the Walpole Printing Office, I have continued the name with some occasional output.

On the basis of this experience, what is to be said for printing as an avocation? It has certain drawbacks which should be faced by anyone who is tempted by the printer's devil. It is fiendishly preoccupying and time-consuming. It spreads like an evil vine. We had our press in a cellar, in a converted summer house, and finally in the family garage. I have seen printing equipment set up in the living room or library, but I would not recommend treating it as a household pet. A place of its own, and many hours to spend there, are the first requisites.

The actual equipment is not as large in amount as might be assumed. Unfortunately, however, a small hand press is hard to pick up, and offers numerous difficulties in getting a good register and a good impression. After my brother had given up trying to be Gutenberg, he settled for a regular proof press; we worked out a system for getting fairly accurate register—that is, getting the type impression at the same spot on the paper each time; but make-ready (building up behind the paper so as to ensure an even impression) was never mastered with this equipment. From that we went directly to an electric-driven job press. But this had the disadvantage of not being made for the really first-class book work we were at that time attempting to do.

One problem that can at least be solved is that of types. A rich and historic variety is available to the hand-setter. The difficulty is to choose—and above all to stick to a choice narrowly circumscribed. Our mistake was to spread ourselves thin, often getting a new face for a particular job or book. It was, I suppose, a natural failing of youth; certainly I had become so sensitive to the subtle varieties, to the moods and influences of different faces, that it seemed an incongruity and almost a sacrilege to match the text with anything other than the type face that seemed ordained for it. Caslon (the English cutting), Baskerville, Oxford, and Lutetia were our stand-bys; but we went beyond these with an abandon that shocks me now. Were I to begin again, I would insist on one face only, and even this in a comparatively few sizes. Difference in paper, in spacing, in decoration would provide the divine harmony which my brother and I sought so strenuously.

I stress the difficulties of printing; the rewards are already implicit in what I have written. They can be summed up in a phrase: the search for perfection. The intensity with which I sensed the ideal layout (though I was quite incapable of even approximating it in actuality) may have been part of the awareness which is common in many fields to that time of life; yet I think that something of that quality would return even now, were I to open myself to the possibilities and the temptations of type. The percep-

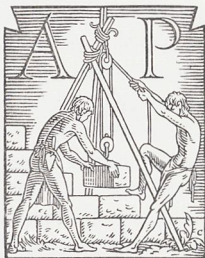
tions can become refined by a study of ancient examples, by a sympathetic understanding of what the printers of one's own generation are trying to accomplish, by trial and error in the handling of the printer's materials, until the intractable stuff of lead becomes almost alive and speaking. The fact that one works in a somewhat recondite art—that the reader is, and should be, far more interested in what a book says than in the type in which it is composed—gives an added satisfaction to the good printer. At the best his work has become an instrument of communication, austere, transparent, almost invisible; and he has become the servitor of an art higher and nobler than his own.

Indeed, a love of literature is, I think, inseparable from a love of types. The great type designer may pursue the perfect letter for its own sake. But the more humble journeyman, and certainly the kind of amateur printer of which I have been speaking, thinks of himself as a middleman in the realm of ideas and style, a transmitter and interpreter of what the best men have written. For this reason, he cannot be wholly satisfied by even the most challenging of small tasks, such as come the way of the job press. He must keep some part of his energy for writings which he conceives to be intrinsically great. The good printer traditionally prints the Bible, or perhaps Chaucer, before he is through. My brother and I never got that far; but we did one of the less awesome works of Milton, and Stevenson and Swift.

This inner discipline, this subjection to an end higher than surface elegance, suggests an answer to one question which has often troubled me in connection with the private press. Should it be an innovator in printing styles and techniques? Should it give itself to the kind of experiment which a commercial enterprise does not risk? I do not think it should. Modernity in architecture and in various forms of decoration is a delight of the flesh. There is no such thing as modernity in printing. The great printing styles can be re-interpreted after having been mastered; but everything that stretches a letter or compresses it, distorts a margin or misplaces a running head, is a crime against authorship.

The sign-painter can be as modern as a skyscraper; the good printer must be as classic as Shakespeare. To perpetuate the classical tradition in types is, it seems to me, the special task of the private press.

Having learned these things, I long kept the hope of reviving the Ashlar Press. The heavier equipment and much of the type I gave to Jonathan Edwards College in Yale, with the thought that students working their way through college might catch the vision of what good printing can be. The hand press and some special European types were procured by Mr. Philip Hofer for the Department of Printing and Graphic Arts at Harvard. Yet I still kept a core, and transported it far and wide; and once, in Auburn, New York, thought that the time of regeneration had come. But that chance, too, passed away, and all that was finally left I sold to a clergyman in nearby Aurora. New York City and journalism do not mix well with the hand-setting of type; and even such reflections and memories as I have set down here can only be stirred by an importunate deadline.





# University Libraries Are Indispensable Too

CARL M. WHITE

UNIVERSITY libraries are becoming a public issue. They are becoming a public issue because of financial necessity. University libraries have had to do two things at once since World War II. They have had to expand their services and to cope with inflation. For some libraries, costs have doubled in spite of brilliant feats of economy. The tax-supported library has simply passed along this larger bill to the taxpayer, and any form of public service which reaches into the taxpayer's pocket for millions of dollars a year causes him to sit up and take notice. University libraries are becoming a public issue in the second place because the activities of the friends of the libraries are aggressively making them so. If the George Washington Bridge were to contract a few yards on either side of the State line, the gap would suggest the plight of these independent libraries. Their friends are calling attention to the fact that the contraction has not stopped yet and that the gap is already too wide to be safely bridged by economies alone. They are becoming a public issue in the third place because all of this is turning up with the morning newspaper on the doorsteps of men and women who have in no way been closely associated with university libraries in the past.

The issue is very simple. It is whether the university library is worth the price of closing the gap between its income and its obligations. Under our system, this is an issue which will have to be settled by lay citizens, not by librarians. It is peculiarly fitting to have the future of the independent library settled in this way, for it is one of those happy embodiments of free enterprise which

owe their vitality, their very survival even, to the pride and spontaneous support of the community-spirited, and to them alone.

The final issue is in good hands. I shall leave it there. But a librarian has an uncommon opportunity to observe the uses which the modern university makes of its libraries, and by setting down some of these observations, I shall have the pleasure of supporting the arms of those more active friends of letters and learning who are spreading the gospel that university libraries are worth what it costs to make them survive and flourish.

Certain stirrings in the Western mind produced in the eighteenth century the idea that a university exists primarily for the advancement of learning. The century following, the German nations proved the fruitfulness of this ideal so convincingly that today the stronger nations, without exception, depend on their universities as on no other agency for handling basic research and the training of research workers. The public understands its dependence on the university in this regard better than it understands how much the university depends in turn on its libraries to swing the job. The faulty understanding is easy to explain. It arises from the fact that the popular mind associates research with the laboratory more than with the library, and this in turn is due mainly to the habit of using the laboratory sciences as picture models for all kinds of research. The habit is misleading. It is especially unfair to research in the humanities, research in law and other social sciences; yet oddly in these very fields, scholars have been caught fighting a kind of rearguard action for adequate library facilities on the unnatural ground that the library is their "laboratory." The tacit implication is that a stronger case can somehow be made by leaning on a crutch and using round-about reasoning. The public is to be forgiven if from such "authoritative" presentations it vaguely images research—the real article—as the kind of thing you have to build a laboratory to get done.

In view of our predilections, it may come as a shock to say that for universities in their entirety, the library is more important for research than is the laboratory. This statement may not hold good

for certain universities where research is weak in the humanities and social sciences, but here is the point: in all fields of learning, *including* the laboratory sciences, suitable library facilities are indispensable for research, while in some fields no laboratory facilities are required. If a toehold for contesting the claim of indispensability can be found, it is to be found in the role of the library in scientific research, so we had better take a closer look to see whether the case is overstated at that point.

Back in the nineteenth century, the German chemist, Emil Fischer, inaugurated a campaign of research on sugars. A few of them were known. They had all been grouped as carbohydrates because each was composed of carbon united with hydrogen and oxygen, the latter in the proportions found in water. They did not contain water as such, however, and about the only clue to the structure of these compounds recorded in the literature was a group of observations of an Italian chemist, Kiliani. Some years later an investigator at Leipzig, Curtius, working in another field and unrelated, made hydrozoic acid and recorded, again in the literature, a more or less incidental observation which Fischer seized upon as a second clue. He developed a hypothetical explanation, tested the hypothesis in the laboratory, sugars were successfully separated from one another and from adventitious material, and a new chapter in the absorbing story of chemistry was opened.

When thus spelled out in full, the advancement of scientific thought is seen to be a complex process which involves keeping abreast of the literature, developing hypothetical explanations, testing these hypotheses and diffusing knowledge of the findings. The library and the laboratory both figure in this process, not one of them by itself. The laboratory is where the validity of scientific thought is tested, where clues are picked up, but that is all. It is for example not the function of the laboratory to take the place of thought, to pinch-hit, as it were, for the scientist's mind. It is the function of the library, on the other hand, to assemble scientific achievements of all times and from all lands in a form which will



enable a single mind to bring them to bear on the particular problem through which the scientist is trying to think his way. In the illustration above, it was the recorded findings of two scientists working on different subjects in different countries at different times and speaking different tongues which showed a third one how to phrase the right question. Once phrased, either of the other two laboratories would have spoken the answer quite as gladly as his own.

Scientists themselves sometimes underestimate the importance of libraries and research through the literature, although I am fortunate in the number I have known of whom something very different would have to be said. The experience of one of our leading patent lawyers impressed him so forcibly with this awkward phenomenon that he wrote up his observations for one of the standard journals widely read by professional scientists. He pointed out that research programs extending over months and even years were often climaxed by patent applications only to find, to the embarrassment of scientist as well as his patent lawyer, that what the scientist had supposed was an original discovery turned out on examination to be duplication of work already done by someone else. The discovery of such duplication when it occurs (and it does not always occur) is made by an examiner who uses publications readily available to the public through its libraries; and it takes him only a few hours, at most a few days, to turn up what he needs to know. Underlining the fact that the wasted research he had witnessed came from emphasizing "the laboratory phase" of research at the expense of "the library phase," this friendly critic of clay feet said: "The romance of discovering secrets of nature in the laboratory was preferred to the drudgery of reading and digesting dusty pamphlets and other scientific publications." He estimates from reliable sources that about 30 per cent of patent applications, or 15,000 a year, are abandoned, and the predominant reason for abandonment is failure to canvass the relevant literature before the work was done. His observations were made from the side of industry, not the



university, and he concludes that "without question, the annual bill to industry for abandoned applications amounts to several million dollars."

The American people believe in scientific research. Study the minutes of the Trustees of our independent universities. They make it clear that private industry, private citizens and the United States Government are ready to go out of their way to support this worthy cause. Study the budgets of our great state universities and the same steady support is evident there. Turn to university libraries, however, and the situation is more confused. The American people as a whole take a kind of distant pride in these libraries, as well they might; but when you stop and count noses, it is something less than a majority of our 150 million people who really take university libraries to their heart and give them their firm support. So far as the independent university library is concerned, this support comes almost entirely out of the pockets of individual donors. The trend recently has been toward distributing a larger share of the nation's wealth through government or through industry; but if government and industry acknowledge some degree of responsibility for keeping university laboratories going, they are, in the matter of keeping university libraries going, somewhat readier to let George do it. This is understandable enough, for George has in the past done the job so well alone. He has created a library tradition which is a great credit to the nation. He may be relied on not to relax his wonder-working energies; but he could do with a little better understanding on the part of the general public. We need laboratories all right, but we need libraries, too!

# Our Growing Collections

*Edited by* ROLAND BAUGHMAN

THE DEPARTMENT of English is very acutely aware of the value of literary manuscripts and correspondence in the appraisal of literature, and of the need for original materials at Columbia. It has a special committee which, along with the Department of Special Collections, has been looking out for these materials. It has been looking especially to the Columbia faculty and friends for contemporary literary documents that will be of present or future importance as the foundation of research into the literature and culture of this age. Such documents may be drafts or completed manuscripts of creative literature, corrected proofs with author's changes, critical opinions, letters from or to authors or from the files of publishers and agents. The project has already produced important results. Mr. Padraic Colum, for example, has given the first draft of his play, *The Balloon*, contained in three notebooks; Professor Vernon Loggins has deposited the typed manuscript of *The Hawthornes*; and Mr. Vivian H. S. Mercier has presented ten letters to him from various literary personages. Nearly everyone so far approached has enthusiastically fallen in with the idea.

Mr. Edward Sagarin, who has for many years been connected with the cosmetics industry, recently presented to the Columbia University Libraries his personal collection of rare books relating to the history of perfumery and cosmetics. The ninety-one volumes in Mr. Sagarin's gift include early books of secrets, perfume and cosmetics formularies, modern studies of natural and synthetic materials used in the manufacture of cosmetics, and works on distillation, odor, and beauty hints.

Mr. Sagarin's gift augments and complements Columbia's fine

collection in this area, much of which had come in a donation made many years ago by Louis Spencer Levy, then publisher of *American Perfumer*. As a result of these benefactions much of the world's literature on cosmetics and related subjects is available here for the use of serious research workers.

A search of some years' duration has culminated in bringing to Avery Library the first edition of the first *original* American architectural book to be printed in this country. This is Asher Benjamin's *The Country Builder's Assistant*, printed by Thomas Dickman in Greenfield, Massachusetts, in 1797. It is one of a collector's triad of so-called American architectural "firsts," all of which are now in Avery Library. The earliest of the three is John Norman's edition (Philadelphia, 1775) of Abraham Swan's *British Architect*. While this was the first architectural book to be *printed* in America, it really was merely a reprint of an earlier English work and differed in no remarkable way from its prototype. The second item of the triad is Norman's *The Town and Country Builder's Assistant* (Boston, 1786), which is the first architectural work to be *compiled and printed* in America. Its contents, however, were drawn from various earlier English sources.

Our latest acquisition, the Benjamin volume, has special merit in being the first *original* architectural book to be published in this country. Both the text and the plates are Benjamin's own, although some dependence may be noted upon Chambers and Nicholson for certain details.

Since these three books were "Builders' Books," they tended to be used up rather rapidly and few copies now remain. To the best of our knowledge there are only three other recorded copies of the 1797 Asher Benjamin, only nine other copies of the 1786 John Norman, and likewise only nine surviving copies of the 1775 Abraham Swan.

—James Grote Van Derpool

The Law Library was recently the recipient of an important collection of some four hundred volumes relating to Latin-Amer-

ican legislation and legal topics. These were the gift of the distinguished international law firm of Curtis, Mallet-Prevost, Colt and Mosle of New York, by whose generosity the Law Library has benefited many times in the past. In the present gift is a set of the *Diario Oficial* of Mexico for the years 1918 through 1936. This is the official newspaper of the Mexican government, wherein all laws, decrees, regulations, legal notices, etc., are published. Similar coverage is provided for the Chilean government (*Diario Oficial*, 1932 through 1942) and for Venezuela (*Gaceta Oficial*, 1918-1928). The donors expect to be able to add other volumes to these sets from time to time, covering later years.

Over the space of several months Mrs. Rose Tobias Lazrus has diligently pursued her own personal project of building up the "Lazrus Collection of Swiftiana" in the Department of Special Collections, as a memorial to her parents, Emory and Fanny Tobias. Mrs. Lazrus has undertaken this welcome project because she had learned through her work here as a graduate student that the Columbia collections do not include strong coverage in the original editions of the works of Swift and his more important contemporaries.

To date Mrs. Lazrus has presented some twenty books, mainly early editions of the works of Jonathan Swift. Included is a splendid copy of the rare first edition of "Gulliver's Travels," which has the added significance of being in its original gold-tooled calf binding.

Mrs. Frank Chalfant and Mrs. Rockwell Britton recently presented to the East Asiatic Library the unique collection of early Chinese writings that had been formed by their respective husbands. The Chalfant-Britton collection—easily one of the most distinguished acquisitions in the history of the East Asiatic Library—was gathered and analyzed over many years by two of the most competent scholars in the field. Their deciphering and interpretation of Chinese inscriptions made thousands of years



ago on oracle bones and bronzes have thrown light on dark places in early Chinese history. Now the original materials upon which their research was based have become part of the resources of Columbia University.

—Howard Linton

The East Asiatic Library is also receiving currently, from Mr. Hisato Ichimada, governor of the Bank of Japan, through Professor Carl S. Shoup, a valuable work on the Yün-kang caves of North China. This work, *Yün-Kang, the Buddhist Cave-Temples of the Fifth Century A. D. in North China*, by Seiichi Mizuno and Toshio Nagahiro, is a detailed report of an archeological survey carried out by the Jimbun Kagaku Kenkyu-jo of Kyoto University, 1928-1945. Publication plans call for fifteen volumes containing a total of 1,500 collotype plates, numerous maps, plans, and other drawings, and 2,500 pages of text. The volumes will be issued at the rate of three each year over a period of five years, each volume consisting of two parts, one containing plates and the other the text in Japanese and English. The edition is limited to 200 copies.

The work represents the most detailed study yet made of the Yün-kang caves at Ta-t'ung in Shansi Province. Yün-kang is the oldest and largest Buddhist site in North China, and is of utmost importance to the study of Far-Eastern art and archeology.

—Philip Yampolsky

Some years ago Miss Hilda Ward applied for permission to use the Columbia University Libraries. She was not an enrolled student or alumna, but she was interested in a field of study that is well represented by library resources here. Her request was duly granted and she pursued her investigations at leisure.

Upon Miss Ward's death on July 23, 1950, at the age of 71, it was learned that she had named the University in her will as the recipient of all her books. Within recent months, the will having been probated, the books began to arrive at Columbia.

The bequest included some 3,000 volumes. They represent the more or less random accumulations by several generations of

Miss Ward's relatives, and reflect the varied interests of cultivated persons at various periods. No list accompanied the collection, so it was necessary to inspect it rather closely to determine how it might best fit into the Columbia Libraries.

Among the books was found a first edition of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, 1843, delightfully inscribed by the author to a small boy named Frank Powell. The whimsical inscription, in which Dickens reconstructs what he *would* have done for Frank had he been in when the boy called, has caught the imagination of a number of editors, and was reprinted this Christmas by *The Saturday Review of Literature*, *The Columbia Alumni News*, and newspapers throughout the country.

A number of people have tried to help us identify Frank Powell, and the mystery was at last solved by a recent letter from Virginia Powell Fenn (Mrs. Dean Fenn) of Montclair, New Jersey. Mrs. Fenn had recognized Frank Powell's name at once, for he was her uncle. Frank and Mrs. Fenn's father, Thomas Powell, Jr., were sons of Thomas Powell of London, who had emigrated to America in 1849. Frank Powell had been born in 1838, and was therefore only five or six years old when Dickens inscribed *A Christmas Carol* for him. He was still a very young man when he died in the American Civil War.

## Other Recent Gifts

THE "NUREMBERG CHRONICLE," 1496. A rare copy of the first pirated edition of Anton Koberger's "Nuremberg Chronicle" of 1493. This edition, printed by Johann Schönsperger, of Augsburg, is considerably rarer than the original first edition. *From Miss Virginia C. Gildersleeve.*

SOCIETY OF ICONOPHILES OF NEW YORK. One hundred and nineteen engravings issued in seventeen annual series in limited editions by the Society of Iconophiles of New York from the end of the nineteenth century into the first quarter of the twentieth century. A splendid series in prime condition. *From Harris Dunscomb Colt, Sr.*

CARDUCCI, GIOSUÈ. An autograph letter of this important nineteenth-century Italian poet to J. E. Spingarn, August 30, 1899. *From Mrs. J. E. Spingarn.*

DYCKMAN, ISAAC M. Essays and speeches in a specially made and specially bound typescript of nine articles and eight poems, most of which are unique in this form. *From Miss Alberta M. Welch.*

THOMPSON, JOHN REUBEN. An enlarged and handsomely framed photograph of the editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* and former owner of the Poe items bequeathed to the Columbia Libraries by the late Mrs. Alexander McMillan Welch. *From Miss Alberta M. Welch.*

EARLY SCIENCE. A collection of

photographs and photostats of early manuscripts in the field of natural and occult science. *From Prof. Lynn Thorndike.*

ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING. A carefully detailed measured drawing by Lucian E. Smith of the great organ screen designed and executed by the noted Italian architect Peruzzi for the Cathedral of Siena in Italy in 1520. *From Lucian E. Smith.*

INSCRIBED EDITIONS. Autographed copies of Van Wyck Brooks' *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* and *The World of Washington Irving*; also Nevill Coghill's *The Masque of Hope*, with the author's inscription to Professor Loomis. *From Prof. Roger Loomis.*

BOCCACCIO, GIOVANNI. *Il Decamerone*, Firenze, Giunta, 1582. An important early edition. *From Prof. Roger Loomis.*

WILSON, WOODROW. Two letters, dated Princeton, June 30, 1905 and July 10, 1905. *From Prof. E. H. Wright.*

PHELPS, EDWARD BUNNELL. Original typescript (unpublished) of *Phelps' Universal Club Guide*, together with autograph letters, etc. *From Mrs. Blanche L. Phelps.*

EARLY MEDALLION. Medallion, Queen Caroline, 1736 ("Jernegan's Lottery Medal"). Struck for Henry Jernegan to induce sales of shares in a lottery. The die was cut by John Sigismund Tanner, Engraver to the London Mint. *From W. H. W. Sabine.*

## The Editor Visits Special Collections

THE ELEVATORS in Butler Library go only to the sixth floor: to reach the aerie of Roland Baughman, Head of Special Collections, your Editor had to keep climbing—up two flights of grimly fire-proofed iron stairs, then along a narrow corridor to Room 801. Pushing open the door we stepped into a room whose stately proportions, after the tortuous approach, were a surprise; and the book-lined walls, the gallery, the busts and the oak furniture in the style of the 17th Century gave an impression of a sanctuary which had drawn a little apart from the lower reaches of business-like Butler.

Addison, in one of the *Spectator* papers, describes the books he found while waiting in the antechamber of a lady of fashion, thus giving the reader a sly pen-portrait of the lady herself. So, while we waited for Mr. Baughman, we glanced over the contents of Room 801—not, of course, with any designs on the personality of the Librarian, but to see if we could pick up a few clues to the Collections in his charge.

Two larger than life-size busts of Benjamin Franklin and of the printer T. L. De Vinne first caught our eye. Typography was much in evidence, for there was a small hand press, and an exhibition in glass cases of antique instruments of the printer's craft. Next, among a clutter of books in old leather bindings, we came on a great parchment with an ancient wax seal. We puzzled out the words: "Edvardus dei gra. Rex Angl.," and decided that this must be one of the English "Edwards one, two and three"; probably Edward I from the early appearance of the seal, with tiny Norman arches in the king's throne. Next to it, by way of contrast, was a first edition (1910) of *Hopalong Cassidy*, by Clarence E. Mulford! The sense of contrast rapidly increased as our eye fell on a carton labelled "Cooked spaghetti in tomato sauce with cheese."



We meditated on this apparent intrusion of the market-place into Mr. Baughman's sanctuary until the Librarian himself appeared. After a few moments of preliminary conversation, Mr. Baughman had his coat off, and in his energetic way plunged into a description of Special Collections—its strengths and weaknesses.

Special Collections, he explained, was a unit in Butler Library containing 200,000 volumes and thousands of documents. This material was segregated and specially protected because of rarity, fragility or restrictions by the donor. To illustrate his remarks, he took us on a tour of his department, visiting first the cramped, corridor-like Reading Room hung with engravings of characters from Dickens and Piranesi's Views of Rome.

We entered the carefully guarded stacks. The Librarian picked out books here and there to indicate the nature of the different collections. We made notes, not so much of what was there, but of the gaps and of what needs to be done. American literature, for instance, is very weak in the Colonial period and the earlier decades of the 19th Century. Finely bound books are needed to illustrate adequately the history of book-binding. Also, the Park Benjamin Collection, which covers New York for the years 1830–1860 only, should be complemented by collections of the Knickerbocker Period and of New York writers of the late 19th Century. Finally, Restoration and 18th Century drama needs to be strengthened in order to build a library of the dramatic arts comparable to Avery in architecture. Such was the dream of Brander Matthews, whose gift of 7,000 volumes forms the nucleus of this drama collection.

Mr. Baughman said that the Seligman Collection, with its 35,000 volumes on the history of economics, needs a sympathetic collector to add to it, bring it up to date, and provide the funds to catalogue it. His Department can keep abreast of the cataloguing of current acquisitions, and the present-day donor can be assured that his gifts will be properly recorded and put to work; but 80,000 volumes in the Typographic, Plimpton (early textbooks), Spinoza, Kilroe Tammaniana, Gonzales Lodge (Classics) and

Smith (mathematics) Libraries are uncatalogued and hence largely inaccessible to scholars. The Librarian's eye kindled at the thought of some benefactor, through the simple magic of cataloguing, putting those 80,000 unemployed but still stalwart fellows back to work. What new vigor it would bring to their various subject areas!

As we were guided through these treasures by their guardian, a feeling that we were being undeservedly favored stole over us. Locked up they had to be, but what a pity more book-lovers and Columbia students could not share our tour! We asked Mr. Baughman about exhibitions. Couldn't there be bigger and better exhibitions?

"Follow me," he said, and we started down by stair and elevator. He led us to the main desk where the books are signed out. It stands in a monumental hall, outside the main Reading Room. Students were milling around. "This is the place for exhibitions," said the Librarian. "At present we have only a few miscellaneous cases, most of them either not lighted or improperly lighted. If someone were to give us some new cases, and make it possible for us to employ a qualified exhibitions specialist, we could add a new dimension to Special Collections."

"And a very educational one!" he added, as we passed through the idle group of students, patiently waiting for their books.

Our tour ended at its starting point—in the Librarian's lofty headquarters. The character of Special Collections was better known to the Editor by now, and we identified the busts and the printer's tools as part of Columbia's unrivalled collection of the book arts and typography. The charter of Edward I and the first edition of *Hopalong Cassidy* illustrated for us the catholicity of Special Collections. We even sensed a mystic connection between these heroes respectively of the 13th and the 20th Centuries; doubtless if Edward had lived in our century his nickname "Longshanks" would have been something not unlike "Hopalong."

Our glance rested finally on the carton marked "cooked spaghetti." The Librarian flipped open the cover and disclosed a

mass of documents. "A graduate student is working on these and we are keeping them here for him," he explained. "They symbolize something rather new: archival material in a university library. Increasingly this becomes a basic resource for historical and literary research. Our collections of archives are showing a vast and healthy growth, but we need an archivist and clerks to process and preserve this avalanche of paper. Please put that high up on your list of desiderata."

Mr. Baughman sat down at the table where lay the books in old leather bindings. These were some of the English books printed before 1641 which he has been assembling for stacking as a unified collection. He opened one at the title page—and groaned. When he held the page up, we could see that the words "Columbia Library" had been punched out so that the light shone through the perforations which made up the letters. "That's the way they used to identify books in the old days. Bad—very bad. I agree we have to safeguard our books by stamping them, but to destroy the substance of the paper . . . ! No, I'd sooner lose them." We left him sombrely shaking his head, and as we made our way down the iron stairs it occurred to us that Columbia's rare books were being cared for by one who really loves and understands them.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> We asked Mr. Baughman to check the accuracy of this article and his reply was characteristic: "My part in the workings of the department is made possible only by the efforts of others: those who are busy getting books for readers, those who supervise their use, and the various experts in special fields."



## Activities of The Friends

**R**ECENTLY the Vice President and Provost and the Trustees of the University have asked the Organizing Committee of the Friends to establish a more permanent organization. There are reproduced below Dr. Kirk's letter to the Chairman of the Organizing Committee and Dr. Pratt's response.

February 1, 1952

Dear Dr. Pratt:

Recent activities of the Friends seem to indicate that this new organization is now mature enough to assume permanent form and I understand that the Committee itself would welcome some initiative on the University's part in helping you to take the next step beyond an organizing committee.

I congratulate you and your committee on the rapid progress you have made. With a view to furthering the work you have begun, I should like to ask you and the members of your committee, personally and on behalf of the Trustees of the University, to accept appointment as of this date as members of a Council of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries. The Council will serve as a governing board for the Friends and will guide them in their stated purpose of service in furthering the interest of collectors and donors in the libraries of Columbia University. This Council will, if you agree, be a self-perpetuating body of no less than nine and no more than fifteen members and would direct the activity of the Friends in editing their publication, determining the type of events which the Friends will sponsor, determining the qualifications for membership and the obligations and privileges in accordance with University regulations governing the use of the Libraries.

While the Friends is thus envisaged as a self-governing body, we should, of course, agree that any matters which might affect University policy or which might be affected by University policy would be cleared with University officials through the Director of Libraries.

The contribution which you and your committee have made to the University is already evident in the increased activity, enthusiasm and flow of gifts to Columbia's libraries. However, the University must



rely more heavily on this organization for support in the years ahead if our libraries are to be maintained and expanded in such a way as to render maximum service to the community.

Again, let me express to you our feeling of tremendous obligation for what you have accomplished for the University and I do hope that you will continue our pleasant association in the manner which I have outlined in this letter.

Sincerely,

Grayson Kirk

Vice President and Provost

February 7, 1952

Dear Dr. Kirk:

Thank you very much for your letter of February 1, 1952, addressed to me as Chairman of the Organizing Committee of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries.

On behalf and with the approval of the Organizing Committee I accept with pleasure the plan for reconstituting this body as recommended by you and the Trustees of the University.

I appreciate very much the kind things you say about the work of our Committee. We have a faithful and enthusiastic group. However, our efforts would have borne little fruit had we not had the constant help of the Director of Libraries, Dean White, and his efficient staff. I should like to record here how very easy it is for laymen like ourselves to make a contribution to University development when University officers cooperate so whole-heartedly.

The Council has elected me Chairman of the Friends, Mr. Merle M. Hoover, Secretary, and Mr. Charles W. Mixer, Treasurer. Mr. Valerien Lada-Mocarski will take over as Chairman of the Friends on March 1, 1952. Under his leadership, I am sure that the organization and their new Council will see their effectiveness greatly increase.

Sincerely yours,

Dallas Pratt, Chairman  
Friends of the Columbia Libraries

## Coming Events

The next general meeting of the Friends will be held Thursday, March 27th at 8:30 in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library on the Columbia campus. It will mark the occasion of the first public exhibition of Columbia's holdings in the fields of typography, printing and the Graphic Arts, which are said to be the most extensive collections of their kind in the world, numbering more than 30,000 volumes. Selected items in the exhibition will exemplify the history of fine typography.

The guest speaker for the evening will be Walter Dorwin Teague, President of the American Institute of Graphic Arts and internationally known industrial designer, who will talk on "Printing in the Modern World." Carl M. White, Director of the Columbia Libraries, will also speak. His subject is, "A Graphic Arts Center in the Making." August Heckscher, editorial writer for the *New York Herald Tribune* and member of the Council of the Friends, will preside.

# THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES

## PRIVILEGES

*Invitations* to exhibitions, lectures and other special events.

*Use of books* in the reading rooms of the libraries.

*Opportunity to consult* Librarians, including those in charge of the specialized collections, about material of interest to a member. (Each Division Head has our members' names on file.)

*Free subscription to* COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS.

\* \* \*

*As a Friend of the Columbia Libraries you are asked to assume no specific obligations. We rely on your friendship towards our institution and its ideals. However, if members express their support through annual donations of books or other material, or cash,\* we shall have a tangible indication that our program to arouse interest in the pressing needs of the Libraries has been successful. The smallest contributions are not the least welcome, and all donations are deductible for income tax purposes.*

\* Please make checks payable to Columbia University.

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# COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



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Bookplate of the books in the second known donation to the Library of King's (Columbia) College. Donor: Rev. Duncombe Bristowe, 1759 (see p. 28).



# COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



## Moncrieffe's Stockings

THE public tribulations of Myles Cooper, Tory President of King's (later Columbia) College, are described in our leading article. Some of his private trials are exposed in *The Black Book of Misdemeanors in King's College, 1771-1775*, Cooper's hand-written record (still preserved in the Columbia Library) of college discipline.

The notations range from a listing of student offenses such as "stealing Stockings belonging to Moncrieffe" or "coming thro' a Hole in the College-fence" to the last entry made the day before the mob forced Cooper himself to flee through that same college-fence: "Nicoll 2d. to translate 4th Section of the third Chapter of Puffendorf. . . When desired to do it, He told the President to his Face He would not."

The unprecedented impertinence of Nicoll 2d. was perhaps the first murmur of the morrow's mob: a melancholy ending to Cooper's labors to lead the colonial lads to "truth and honour's sacred shrine." Thirteen years before, he had come over from Oxford, full of zeal, like the missionary preacher depicted in our frontispiece. But he suffered the fate of many reactionary colonizers since his time, and had to sail sadly back to the mother country.

Side by side on the shelves of the Columbia Libraries lie the records of the misdemeanors and of the triumphs of the human race: a jumble of public uproar and private perplexity. No lover of libraries can be untouched by the fascinating impartiality of these chronicles, which in one breath proclaim the doom of nations, and in the next the fate of Moncrieffe's stockings.

# Doctor Cooper Departs

DWIGHT C. MINER

SEPTEMBER 24, 1772, was a day of academic celebration in King's College, New York. The Reverend Myles Cooper, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D., was to be welcomed back to his presidential post after nearly a year's absence on official business in England. At the appointed hour, some fifty students, their professors, and various dignitaries of the community assembled in the College Hall for the carefully rehearsed ceremonies. The scene as the President entered the room must have lingered in the memory of many of the spectators through the troubled changes of later years. Still in his mid-thirties, resplendent in the scarlet robes of an Oxford doctor of canon law, and fresh from the councils of Fulham Palace and Whitehall, Cooper seemed to personify that conception of a clearly ordered temporal and spiritual society that prevailed in the England of the Georges and found willing acceptance among certain influential groups on this side of the Atlantic. A considerable number of those present, it is true, entertained definite reservations on the subject of bishops, but Oxford and the monarchy were in high repute and Cooper himself was well regarded as an administrator and a man of cultivated taste. The welcome was more than a formality, and the returned traveler was obviously among friends as he moved across the Hall and settled his somewhat portly frame in the seat of honor.

A modern observer would soon have wearied of the lengthy exercises which followed. The President, too, was probably bored, but practice had inured him to rituals of all sorts, including the ordeal by youthful elocution. At appropriate points in the succession of congratulatory addresses he managed what the *New-York Gazette* termed "a polite and affectionate Answer," but



when the program swung into a forensic debate on "Whether a Spirit of Conquest was salutary to the Romans?" it is possible that his thoughts drifted to more immediate problems. In several important respects his recent mission to England had fallen short of expectations. He had obtained a remission of quitrents on the College land patents in Gloucester County, as well as a handsome promise of books for the library from the Oxford Press, yet the proposal for American bishops (on which he had set his heart) and the scheme for Christianizing the Indians had met with little encouragement. Even more disappointing had been his failure to achieve the principal objective of the trip, namely, the grant of a royal charter which would have raised King's College to the status of a university and assured it of an increase in faculty and academic privileges. The Lords of Trade had shown interest in the project, but had declined taking further action until a complete charter draft should be laid before them. These setbacks entailed an unfortunate delay for the College and a deferment of the doctor's own hopes for advancement. The first university presidency in America and a bishop's mitre were attractive but elusive prizes.

The preparation of the charter draft turned out to be a slow business, for the Governors gave only passing attention to the affairs of the College, and Cooper, though conscientious in his teaching and administrative duties, devoted most of his leisure to other occupations. The President was of a sociable disposition and never begrudged an evening to good company. For entertaining in his own quarters, he kept on hand a large supply of wine, which tempted at least one band of undergraduate raiders to try its excellence. He joined with Dr. Samuel Bard and other professional men of the city in promoting a literary association, dabbled in verse, collected paintings, and wrote a prologue for a play presented by a theatrical company in 1773 for the benefit of the New York Hospital.

Had Cooper confined himself to extracurricular activities of this character, his departure from King's College, when the time

came, might have been signalized by more ceremony and less haste. But the doctor was more than a clerical *bon vivant*. He was also a serious and outspoken advocate of the principles of the Established Church and the British political system. The genial temperament which had once prompted him to write to the Bishop of London that "I have an utter aversion to living even upon indifferent terms with any of my Neighbours," turned militant as the Whig press and the dissenting clergy grew increasingly critical of the home authorities. Within a few weeks after his return from England, he joined with three other Anglican ministers—Thomas Bradbury Chandler, Charles Inglis, and Samuel Seabury—for the purpose of "watching all that should be Published, whether in Pamphlets or News-Papers, and for suffering no thing to pass unanswered, that had a tendency to lessen the respect or affection that was due to the Mother Country."

For some time the literary efforts of this group were sporadic and unspectacular. Then, in May, 1774, New York was aroused by the news of the Intolerable Acts and the closing of the port of Boston. Prominent lawyers and merchants, fearful of being outdistanced by the Sons of Liberty, entered upon an uneasy alliance with the Radical leaders to consider measures of protest. Guided by moderates such as John Jay and James Duane, the propertied groups maneuvered to keep the direction of affairs out of the hands of the unenfranchised and to explore means for reaching a peaceable solution of the controversy with Great Britain. They succeeded in obtaining the election of a "safe" delegation to the First Continental Congress, which met at Philadelphia early in September. It was the action of this body in adopting an embargo on commerce with the mother country, to be enforced by elected local committees, in defiance of British authority, that shattered the initial feeling of reassurance among the Loyalists and precipitated the "pamphlet war" which was to lead to Cooper's undoing.

The attack was opened (under a pseudonym) by the Reverend Thomas B. Chandler of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, whose *Ameri-*

*can Querist* posed a hundred questions on the points at issue, so phrased as to suggest the reasonable answers. This was followed by *A Friendly Address to All Reasonable Americans* and *What Think Ye of Congress Now?*, two pamphlets (from the same source, as we now know) which attracted wide attention and provoked vigorous counterblasts from the supporters of the Congress. The most celebrated series of essays in this struggle for the allegiance of the American people came, however, from the pen of the Reverend Samuel Seabury, of Westchester, New York. The first of these, appearing in the columns of the *New-York Gazette* under the signature of "A.W. Farmer," bore the caption, "Free Thoughts on the Proceedings of the Continental Congress." It elicited a remarkable reply, on December 15, 1774, entitled, *A Full Vindication of the Measures of the Continental Congress from the Calumnies of their Enemies*. The sure grasp of fact and the impressive marshalling of argument that characterized this performance stimulated lively speculation regarding the identity of the author. As the weeks went by, rumor centered increasingly on the youthful Alexander Hamilton, who had come from the West Indies to further his education and was currently enrolled as one of Cooper's students at King's College. The President was at first incredulous at these reports and more inclined to attribute the work to John Jay of the Class of 1764. If Hamilton were truly the responsible party, the situation was embarrassing, for Cooper had himself crossed swords briefly with this pamphleteer in a journalistic exchange which had followed the appearance of the *Full Vindication*.

Late in December, Seabury returned to the wars with *A View of the Controversy between Great Britain and her Colonies*, which was publicly burned by the Sons of Liberty. The Congress faction was delighted when Hamilton replied with another masterpiece, *The Farmer Refuted*. By this time, others had rushed into the fray, using a variety of pen-names which added to the confusion of identities. The stakes of success were high and the



citizenry swarmed to the lists. It was no mere squabble among penny-a-line scribes. Seldom have American political issues been subjected to a more skilful analysis in the public prints.

What was Cooper's role in this battle of the inkpots? The President of the College was known to be a strong controversial writer; he was an ardent Tory and one of the most prominent Anglican churchmen in America. His name and opinions were familiar to any frequenter of the coffee-houses or the political meetings of the day. Nothing more natural than that he should be credited with responsibility for a large part of the Loyalist output. This supposition long survived the Revolutionary era. Even so careful a scholar as Moses Coit Tyler, writing a century and a quarter later, attributed the authorship of Chandler's *American Querist* and *Friendly Address* to the President of King's College.

The ironic fact appears to be that Cooper wrote very little for publication during this period. He produced a few articles and engaged in a considerable correspondence with his clerical colleagues, but recent investigation strongly indicates that he was not the draftsman of any of the better-known pamphlets which have generally been assigned to his pen. His primary function seems to have been that of strategist and editor. Clarence H. Vance, in his excellent study of Cooper in the *Columbia University Quarterly* for September, 1930, concludes that the doctor appeared to have been "satisfied with being the critic and the reviser of practically all of this literature, produced in and near New York, rather than being the actual author of it." Nevertheless, Cooper acquired a reputation as "the most hated Tory" in the city. In June, 1775, Lieutenant-Governor Colden, in describing to Lord Dartmouth the circumstances of the President's precipitous leave-taking, wrote that "The Odium excited against him is for his warm attachment to Government, & his being a supposed Author of almost every Piece that appeared on that side of the Question."

Cooper must certainly have known that his position was becoming increasingly precarious, but the sequence of events which removed him from the scene developed with unexpected rapidity.



About noon on Sunday, April 23, 1775, Israel Bissel rode into New York with the news of the Battle of Lexington. Wild disorder broke out and for a week the city was in the hands of an undisciplined mob, which broke into the arsenal and raided the public stores. Business came to a standstill and men of property shuttered up their homes. A threatening letter, dated Philadelphia, April 24th, and signed "Three Millions," was delivered to Cooper and four other staunch New York Tories. The President, who had no aspirations to martyrdom, spent the next week on a warship in the harbor.

By May 10th, order had been restored, and outwardly, at least, the life of the city seemed to have returned to normal. But the thoughts of all men, regardless of party, centered on Philadelphia, where the Second Continental Congress was opening the sessions which were to determine the future relations of the colonies with the mother country. Many of the New York patriots were in a belligerent mood. Cooper, gloomy but stubborn, was back at the College, writing to his friend, Isaac Wilkins, then temporarily in London on business. He promised to do what he could to advance his interests "whilst I stay in this country of confusion, which for the sake of the College, I am minded to do as long as I can with any degree of prudence." Then he added: "Should this Congress be as hot as the last, we are undone; should cooler measures be adopted, we may yet be preserved; for Britain, though stout, is exorable."

That night the mob came for him. Led by Joshua Hett Smith, John Smith, and Isaac Sears, a noisy throng moved west from Broadway along what is now Park Place to the College grounds. The rioters broke open the gates and surged across the Green towards the President's house. The alarm had been raised, however, and Alexander Hamilton and his room-mate, Robert Troup, reached the steps before an entry could be forced. Troup, in recording the incident many years later, described how his companion "proceeded with great animation and eloquence to harangue the mob on the excessive impropriety of their conduct,

and the disgrace it would bring on the cause of liberty; of which they avowed themselves to be the Champions."

While Hamilton temporized with the crowd, Nicholas Ogden roused the President and acquainted him with his danger. In his anniversary "Stanzas Written on the Evening of the 10th of May, 1776," Cooper recalled that he had been deep in slumber

When straight, an heaven-directed youth,  
Whom oft my lessons led to truth,  
And honour's sacred shrine,  
Advancing quick before the rest,  
With trembling tongue my ear address,  
Yet sure in voice divine.

There is a delightful legend to the effect that the President jumped from bed, poked his night-capped head out of the window, and, seeing the Whig Hamilton addressing the mob, shouted with all his strength: "Pay no attention to him!" However fanciful this tale may be, there is no question that the gathering was responsive to such advice. An entrance was speedily effected and, as the crowd poured in at the front door, Cooper, clad in his night-gown, shot out the back way and clambered over the garden fence.

Guided by young Ogden, the forlorn doctor made his way along the Hudson to the present Greenwich Village, where he found shelter at the home of his friend, Nicholas Stuyvesant. The following night he rowed out to the sloop-of-war *Kingfisher*, and subsequently transferred to the *Exeter*, which sailed for England on May 25th.

Cooper never returned to America. The Governors appointed the Reverend Benjamin Moore to be President *pro tempore* and made an effort to keep the College functioning. Seven students received their degrees and eight were admitted in 1775, but in April, 1776, the building was expropriated by the local Committee of Safety for use as a hospital. The corporate existence of King's College continued, through intermittent meetings of the

Board of Governors, even after the British evacuation of New York in 1783, but its educational activities practically ceased. The last entry in the College *Matricula* for 1776 reads: "No public Commencement this year. The turbulence and confusion which prevail in every part of the Country effectually suppress every literary pursuit."

Meanwhile, Cooper was seeking to establish himself in England. He assumed the Fellowship at Queen's College, Oxford, to which he had been elected nine years before, and plunged actively into ecclesiastical affairs. Late in 1777, he was called to the position of senior minister of an Episcopal chapel in Edinburgh. His financial circumstances appear to have been comfortable, for in addition to his salary at Edinburgh and a modest government pension, he enjoyed the income from church livings located in several English counties. Having briefly suffered much, he lived well at the last and died at luncheon on May 20, 1785.

Until the British government finally recognized the independence of its former colonies, Cooper had continued to hope that he might one day return to New York as a bishop of the Established Church or as the president of the long-postponed American University. His troubles had begun with the adjournment of the First Continental Congress and his departure had coincided with the convening of the Second. While dining with some acquaintances in Edinburgh one evening in 1778, the discussion turned to political subjects, and presently tempers flared. Cooper arose, glass in hand. "We met, gentlemen," he declared, "for convivial purposes, not to disgrace ourselves by indulging in inveterate animosity. In political creed, we are much at point and not likely to convert each other. So fill every man a bumper, and I will offer a toast, which each individual may drink, in the sense that best suits his inclination. Here's a *full swing* to Congress!"

# Their Wine Will Warm

## An Appreciation of the Bancroft Bequest

JOHN BERTHEL

THE MIGHTY PYRAMID of Cheops, near Giza, required 2,300,000 blocks of diorite in its building. The Columbia Libraries contain approximately this same number of books—and have need for more.

It may seem a far cry from the tremendous monument of Pharaoh Cheops to the endowment of a university library, and yet they are both memorial expressions. We marvel at the pyramid, yet decry the human sacrifice required in its building. Its grandeur is in part a dead thing, symbolizing the tyrannical power and overweening ego of its founder. Awesome, yet oppressive, it is a monument to ruthlessness, a product of the scourge.

The more creative memorial is one that carries within it a breath of life, one that encourages a continuity of interest and affection between the founder and those that follow.

The privately endowed university library satisfies this latter dictum. Its treasures are not sealed off from later generations. It is certainly not a grim fortress of the dead. I must insist upon this in spite of certain mausoleum-like structures that have been conceived to house library collections. For on the library's easily accessible shelves men of all ages parade their aspirations and achievements, victories and defeats, and even the follies that identify them as charter members of the human race.

A fine university library, such as Columbia's, is the product of many willing hands. No scourge was needed in its founding, or its growth. It is a living memorial to a large and liberal fraternity. Its benefactors have been many. Friendly donors have contributed single volumes to its shelves. It has been the recipient of magnifi-



cent private collections. Its financial support, vital to its continued good health, has come in individual donations ranging from several dollars to a truly princely gift of \$1,500,000 from the late Frederic Bancroft.

Frederic Bancroft, historian and friend of learning, was uncertain what he should do with the fortune left him by his brother, Edgar A. Bancroft, lawyer-statesman. He did believe that his considerable estate should be used for educational purposes. He had three logical choices, Knox, Amherst, and Columbia. He and his brother, between them, had been closely connected with these institutions. The decision to leave his estate to Columbia was a sudden choice. He had enjoyed delightful associations there as student and teacher and was a friend of Professors Allan Nevins and Henry S. Commager. His brother had also spent rewarding years at Columbia. Several months after making his decision, Mr. Bancroft died—on the 22nd of February, 1945, in the eighty-fifth year of his life.

Mr. Bancroft's will instructed that his bequest, appraised at slightly more than \$1,500,000, should be known as the Edgar A. and Frederic Bancroft Foundation. The purpose of the Foundation was (1) to enrich the resources of the Columbia University Libraries in the subjects of American history in its broadest sense, American diplomacy, and American international relations, (2) to create a literary prize to be awarded annually (unless a suitable work failed to appear) to the author of some book or books of distinguished merit and distinction upon these subjects, and (3) to set up an annual prize (for a period of five years) to be awarded for articles and book reviews contributed to the *Journal of Negro History*. Mr. Bancroft wisely avoided attaching inflexible conditions to his gift and entrusted to the University details of administration.

It is difficult, in brief compass, to bring to life the author of this truly generous bequest. And yet a word concerning the man to whom the Columbia Libraries owe so much seems in order.

Edgar and Frederic Bancroft were the most devoted of

brothers, and Frederic, particularly, looked upon his brother with the warmest affection and respect. Edgar's death in 1925, while serving as Ambassador to Japan, left his brother with a sense of deep personal loss. In a letter addressed to one of his good friends, Andre Bedon, dated February 1, 1933, Frederic wrote: "After my brother's death, I thought for a long time that life could have no interest for me in the future, and so it was for a considerable period until by experimenting I found physical and mental occupations that finally engaged my attention. Soon the acute pain lessened and I could see him as he was, rather than grieve because I had lost him."

Edgar, who married Margaret Healy of Brooklyn in 1896, had gently chided his brother for his bachelor ways. It is true that in his later years Frederic assumed the prerogatives of the perennial bachelor. He was an extremely generous host, a lover of and contributor to good conversation, and yet not above the very human irritability when confronted by an idea or action he considered unintelligent. He found the 1920's not altogether to his taste. He disagreed strongly with the country's return to isolationism, and looked upon prohibition as a foolish restriction. The materialism of this period preceding the Great Depression annoyed him. He regarded ostentation in any of its forms with an extremely critical eye. Automobiles he viewed as an unnecessary luxury. Coolidge pleased him but he was less than satisfied with any president that followed.

Frederic Bancroft spent the greater part of his life in the preparation of historical studies. He worked slowly and criticized himself for what he considered a tendency toward procrastination. It is true that his published output was not large considering his long life. One of his better known books, *Slave Trading in the Old South*, was fifty years in the making.

An interested spectator of the passing scene, he thoroughly enjoyed his opportunity and ability to record the past. He would be delighted, I feel sure, if he could return to the scene of life and contemplate the aid and comfort his gift has brought to the pres-

ent generation of American historians. A scholar at Columbia, engaged in research on any of a vast number of topics relating to American civilization, can expect to have any reasonable request for additional materials granted him, thanks to the income provided under the Bancroft endowment. This largesse represents a form of earthly paradise to the scholar, and the student of American history at Columbia is the envy of his friends in other academic subject fields whose research needs are less well provided for.

The materials purchased from the Bancroft fund reveal a fascinating diversity. They may be in the form of manuscripts such as the John Brown Collection, purchased in 1947 and originally collected by Oswald Garrison Villard for his biography of the fiery anti-slavery leader. This collection numbers 5,435 items and fills twenty manuscript boxes. There are the Lincoln Steffens Papers, acquired in 1950, containing approximately 1650 items of correspondence, newspaper articles, clippings, and other materials relating to this famous political reformer.

Daily the Bancroft endowment makes possible the purchase of large numbers of books relating to American civilization. These are necessities if the Libraries are to support the University's research and instructional programs. These books may range from a 17th century imprint devoted to the witch trials in Salem to the most recent discussion concerning the morals and manners of the 20th century American. A few titles will suggest the diversity of these acquisitions: Robert Rogers, *Journal of Major Robert Rogers Containing An Account of Several Excursions . . .* 1765; Christopher Colles, *Survey of the Roads of the United States of America* 1789; *American Advertising Directory for Manufacturers and Dealers in American Goods for the Year* 1831; Josiah Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies, or the Journal of a Santa Fe Trader* 1844; J. Benwell, *An Englishman's Travels in America, His Observations of Life and Manners in the Free and Slave States* 1853; J. B. Jones, *Wild Southern Scenes, a Tale of Disunion and Border War* 1859; J. De Barthe, *Life and Adventures of Frank*



Grouard, *Chief of Scouts, U.S. Army*; Thomas Nelson Page, *Novels, Stories, Sketches and Poems* 1912.

This varied hoard is the stuff of history, the source materials from which our leading social historians like Allan Nevins and Henry S. Commager fashion their instructive and entertaining books. Convenient provision for their research and that of thousands of other scholars, students, and interested dilettantes, is assured by an endowment such as the Bancroft.

The introductory paragraph of this article contrasted the pyramid and the endowed library as forms of memorial expression. Naturally a librarian would be expected to look with more favor upon a library than a pyramid as a fitting memorial. And yet the librarian realizes, only too well, that a library's collection can wither and ultimately die, lacking the necessary endowment. A librarian's deepest frustration occurs when it is not in his power to provide the books and manuscripts sorely needed by his institution's scholars.

In conclusion I am reminded of a prefatory note entitled "Extracts" that is frequently included in editions of Melville's *Moby Dick*, wherein the librarian is taken to task in a completely charming manner: "So fare thee well, poor devil of a Sub-Sub, whose commentator I am. Thou belongest to that hopeless sallow tribe which no wine of this world will ever warm; and for whom even Pale Sherry would be too rosy-strong; but with whom one sometimes loves to sit, and feel poor-devilish, too; and grow convivial upon tears; and say to them bluntly, with full eyes and empty glasses, and in not altogether unpleasant sadness—Give it up, Sub-Subs! For by how much the more pains ye take to please the world, by so much the more shall ye for ever go thankless!"

To which the Columbia Librarian might be permitted to reply, "Look ye to our Bancrofts (present and future) and dare repeat your charge. Believe me, orator, their wine *will* warm."



# A Columbianthology

ARNOLD H. SWENSON

IN AN ARTICLE about Columbia University which appeared in a popular magazine a few years ago, attention was called to the great number of books written annually by its faculty. The article contended, however, that Columbia had "never produced a truly great author." The inference given—that quantity rather than quality is what distinguishes the writing of Columbia authors—was anything but fair. For the fact is that not only is the contribution of Columbia to all fields of writing extraordinarily imposing in output, but much of it is also far-reaching in influence, and some of it will remain as monuments for many years to come.

To do full justice to the Columbia influence in the world of books would take a much longer article than space in this organ permits. Even if the story is limited to the period in which the present Friends of the Columbia Libraries have been active, and to the output of faculty authors only, the record of achievement is remarkable.

The American Library Association issues annually a list of the most notable books of the year, the basis of selection being the authors' influence on the enrichment of personal life. It is not surprising to find these lists studded with the names of Columbia scholars. Those compiled for 1950 and 1951 contain the names of three of the ablest writers among living American historians—Henry Steele Commager, Allan Nevins, and Dumas Malone. Professor Commager, who alone gets out a five-foot shelf of books a year, was honored in 1950 for the rich and brilliant *The American Mind*, and in 1951 for editing *Living Ideas in America*, an anthology interpreting the American idea. The year 1950 also saw the publication of Professor Nevins' monumental, two-volume *The*

*Emergence of Lincoln*, part of the *Ordeal of the Union*—the most important recent history of the Civil War. The two works alone would be achievements enough for anyone else, but not for the prodigious team of Nevins and Commager. In the same period Commager edited *The Blue and the Gray*, a vast two-volume miscellany, skillfully woven into the story of the Civil War as told by those who fought it. In addition, he edited and revised various texts, brought out the *Second St. Nicholas Anthology*, and wrote two books for children!

At the same time, Professor Nevins was contributing volumes to the *Chronicles of America* series,—of which he is general editor,—editing diaries of Polk and Adams, and revising basic texts in American history.

With the publication in 1951 of Professor Malone's *Jefferson and the Rights of Man*, it became evident that, as a reviewer said, here is in the making one of the "great triumphs in our annals of biography." This second installment of what will probably be five volumes shows the same impeccable scholarship and lucid style characteristic of Professor Malone's first volume.

No less prolific, nor less prodigious in energy than these three authors, are their colleagues in the history department, one of whom is the versatile Jacques Barzun. Although Professor Barzun's forte is the history of ideas, his books cover an amazingly wide range, and are written with grace and learning. It came as no surprise to his followers that his *Berlioz and the Romantic Century* was cited by the American Library Association as one of the notable books of 1950, or that his recent *Pleasures of Music* was received by music lovers with so much enthusiasm.

A book that undoubtedly will quickly find its place at the top level of standard texts, to be read by the college student as well as the casual reader of history, is the two-volume *A History of the American People*, written by Harry J. Carman and Harold C. Syrett and published this month. These experienced teachers spell out the growth of this country by exploring the social, intellectual, and religious forces that have influenced our history.

Taking the world's great civilizations, from ancient Egypt to the modern United States, as his field, another historian, Shepard B. Clough, has contributed to historical scholarship a challenge to the theories of Toynbee and Spengler. Professor Clough's *Rise and Fall of Civilization*, published last fall, advances proof that economic well-being is a necessary condition for a high stage of civilization.

There are, as De Quincey once pointed out, the literature of knowledge and the literature of power, and there is also a literature of delight. Mention of the latter immediately calls to mind names like Joseph Wood Krutch and Irwin Edman, both of whom have the rare faculty of painting moods and thoughts in imaginative and delightful ways. *The Desert Year*, published in 1952, with its fresh descriptions and philosophical insights, makes it easy to understand why Professor Krutch has come to be recognized as one of America's finest nature writers. Professor Edman's *Under Whatever Sky* must also be placed in the classification of the literature of delight. This is a collection of miniature essays which first appeared in *The American Scholar* where, for the past seven years, the philosopher-professor has allowed his mind to play on all sorts of subjects.

Another great teacher of philosophy, one known to generations of Barnard students, was heard from in 1951 when William Pepperell Montague, "one of the elder statesmen of American philosophy," wrote an important work on *Great Visions of Philosophy*. Two world-known theologian-philosophers contributed outstanding books during this period. Last spring, Paul Tillich brought out his *Systematic Theology, Volume I*, the first of a two-volume *magnum opus* projected to sum up the theological philosophy of this advanced Protestant thinker. Last month Reinhold Niebuhr in his highly significant *The Irony of American History* pointed the way to a proper understanding of the world struggle in which America is now engaged.

One of the outstanding examples of creative publishing of recent years is "The American Men of Letters Series," the aim of

which is to present fresh biographical appraisals of the men and women who have most influenced and contributed to the development of American literature. Three Columbia men are on the four-man editorial board: Lionel Trilling, Mark Van Doren, and Joseph Wood Krutch. Professor Van Doren's *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, F. W. Dupee's *Henry James*, Emery Neff's *Edwin Arlington Robinson*, Professor Krutch's *Henry David Thoreau*, and Richard Chase's *Emily Dickinson* have already appeared, and Professor Barzun's *William James* and Professor Trilling's *Mark Twain* are also due for publication.

There can be no doubt that when the most noteworthy publishing accomplishments of 1952 are cited two tremendous works, both products of the Columbia University Press, will receive considerable attention—the *Columbia Lippincott Gazetteer of the World* and *Forms and Functions of Twentieth-Century Architecture*. The first work, the product of five years of the most exacting scholarship by 150 experts, is the most complete and up-to-date record now available of the places of the world. The four-volume set on architecture, edited by Talbot Hamlin, and prepared under the auspices of the School of Architecture, is the most comprehensive work thus far produced of today's architecture. Add to these Constance Mabel Winchell's *Guide to Reference Books*, the completely revised and enlarged edition of the well-known "guide" by Isadore Gilbert Mudge, which no reference librarian will want to be without.

All diligent readers of the best of current literature at some time or other are exposed to the stream of words coming from Columbia faculty members, and in the process their eyes must be opened to some of the most difficult and delicate problems of the day by economists, sociologists, lawyers, and philosophers of the University. Among the important tracts for the times are books such as *Loyalty and Legislative Action* by Dean Lawrence Henry Chamberlain, *Civil Liberties under Attack* by Professor Com-mager and others, *Conflict of Loyalties* edited by Robert M. Mac-Iver, and *Security, Loyalty and Science* by Walter Gellhorn, all



of which deal with more or less controversial topics. The role of government in economics and other related questions are given various interpretations in books like *Democracy and the Economic Challenge* by Professor MacIver, *How to Keep Our Liberty* by Raymond Moley, and *The Next America* by Lyman Bryson.

And finally, the role of the teacher and the place of education in contemporary life are treated in such well-known works as *The Art of Teaching* by Gilbert Highet, *They Went to College* by Ernest Havemann and Patricia Salter West under the guidance of the Columbia University Bureau of Applied Social Research, and *Education and American Civilization* by George S. Counts.

These are only a few of the books published by faculty members during the past two years. Others could have been included, solid books of scholarship of interest to a limited number of readers as well as those which have had a wider "pulling power."

The cumulative effect of this output is to give one a feeling of contact with a veritable powerhouse of the intellect.

# Our Growing Collections

ROLAND BAUGHMAN

BOOK EXHIBITIONS are a fundamental function of libraries, serving as a dynamic means of advertising special areas of strength and attracting students and visitors to rewarding fields of investigation which might otherwise be passed by. Characteristically they are built around the holdings which a particular library *already has* on a particular subject—but that they may also contribute to the growth of the collections is one of the less obvious but nevertheless important considerations. Valuable gifts are often made by visitors to exhibitions who are thus reminded of the varied interests of the research library. And sometimes what is *not* shown in an exhibition indicates deficiencies which the visitor is able and willing to supply. There have been some significant illustrations of this at Columbia in recent weeks.

Some time ago one of Columbia's graduate students, Mr. Paul F. Saagpakk, of Estonian birth, suggested that a fitting subject for a special library exhibition would be the cultural contributions of the three Baltic states, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. The suggestion was welcomed, but it was pointed out that a great deal of guidance would be needed in selecting, evaluating, and describing the exhibits. Mr. Saagpakk eagerly offered to help in the project and to obtain the assistance of his fellow-students, Mr. Janis A. Kreslins for the Latvian books and Mr. J. Juska for the Lithuanian items.

It soon developed, as the work of preparation proceeded, that Columbia—though surprisingly strong in the literature of the three Iron-Curtain nations—lacked many key works which are now unobtainable through the ordinary channels. At this point the interest of the concerned governments-in-exile was enlisted. Mr. J. Kaiv, Consul General of Estonia, sent eighteen books and

pamphlets on Estonia; Mr. Vilis Massens, Chairman of the Latvian Consultative Panel of Free Europe, provided ten Latvian books; and Mr. J. Budrys, Consul General of Lithuania, contributed seventeen items on his native country. These volumes will remain at Columbia when the display is taken down. Thus a substantial number of scarce titles, many of which we had had little expectation of obtaining, will soon be on our shelves for the benefit of students.

The special exhibition of Avery architectural material that was arranged for the occasion of the fall meeting of the Friends focussed attention on that great collection. As a result Mrs. W. Murray Crane has presented Frederick Catherwood's *Views of Ancient Monuments in Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan*, London, 1844, and George Oakley Totten's *Mayan Architecture*, Washington, D.C. (c1926), both of which are welcome additions to the Avery collections. And even more recently Mr. Harry M. Bland presented the April, 1775, issue of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, which contains one of the early articles on architectural subjects published in America.

As a direct result of visiting the most recent Friends' exhibition, "Quality in Book-Production," Mr. G. Leonard Gold has presented a significant group of items relating to the graphic arts. Mr. Gold had participated in the arrangements for the famous "Time Capsule" which was featured at the New York World's Fair, and has included in his gift his scrapbook which documents that project completely.

For several years Mrs. Frank J. Sprague, whose collection of Walt Whitman is perhaps the finest and most complete in private hands, has generously presented to Columbia duplicates from her library. Her gifts number well over a hundred items, many of them (like the complete run of *The Conservator*, the scarce periodical devoted to Whitman research and appreciation) being of the first importance. Mrs. Sprague is currently assisting in the preparation of a Butler Library exhibition memorializing Mr.

Henry S. Saunders, devoted Whitman enthusiast and writer, whose death occurred last fall. Mr. Saunders compiled, wrote, extracted, and reissued a large amount of Whitman memorabilia, much of which he typed or printed and personally bound for distribution among other Whitman collectors. Among his productions are some—such as his famous arrangement, listing, and reproduction in volume form of all known portraits of Whitman—which are highly useful in the definitive study of the poet. And Columbia, through the generosity of Mrs. Sprague, will be able to exhibit a substantial representation of his work.

At the recent meeting of the Friends, Columbia's new graphic arts project was announced. As a result of his interest in the project, Mr. Frank Altschul has presented a group of fifty-three items produced at his distinguished "Overbrook Press."

The Overbrook Press, situated on Overbrook Farm, Mr. Altschul's estate in Stamford, Connecticut, is one of the few truly *private* presses in operation in America today. The press is run for the personal satisfaction which Mr. and Mrs. Altschul and their friends derive from high quality of craftsmanship. Such notable book-artists as Rudolph Ruzicka, W. A. Dwiggins, and Valenti Angelo have contributed to the beauty of the Overbrook imprints.

The latest bibliography of the Overbrook Press is that compiled by Will Ransom, whose list stops at 1946. Mr. Altschul's gift includes eighteen items issued since that date, as well as twelve earlier pieces that were omitted by Mr. Ransom.



## Other Recent Gifts

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT. Treatises out of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, written in Dutch (fifteenth century), illuminated, and in its original stamped calf binding. ALSO: Excerpts from the Gospels, fifteenth-century manuscript in Latin, on vellum with illuminated initials; and *Manipulus Impetuum* . . . , manuscript on paper, late sixteenth or early seventeenth century. *From Harry G. Friedman.*

TASSO, TORQUATO. *Il Goffredo overo Gierusalemme Liberato* . . . , Vinegia, 1584. *From Harry G. Friedman.*

ARCHITECTURAL MOLDINGS. Two panels approximately 2x5 feet, containing 62 original specimens of hand-carved architectural moldings from noted Georgian buildings in England. *From Heirs of Ogden Codman.*

EARLY AMERICAN VALENTINE. Manuscript valentine to Miss (Rachel) Anne Kelley (later Mrs. John Otis Given), ca. 1850. ALSO: Five American plays of the period 1844-1861, complementing Columbia's strong holdings in the field of the drama. *From Margaret and Richard Bancroft.*

SCHOPPE, C. *Arcana Societatis Jesu*, Geneva, 1635. *From Margaret and Richard Bancroft.*

ENGLISH PETITION. *The Humble Petition of the Gentry* . . . 5 July 1642, London, 1642. ALSO: *Premiere Lettre sur des Droits du Roi*, etc., 1755; H. G. MORSE, *Robert Louis Stevenson* . . . in *His Island Home*, 1902; and ELIAS NASON, *A Monogram on Our National Song*, Albany, 1869. *From Judah A. Joffe.*

CHINA. Fourteen volumes of fourteen titles on the Chinese Bandit government and on Russian encroachments in China. *From Li-Wu Han.*

AMERICANA. Five volumes of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; two abolitionist medals; a piece of the flagstaff of Fort Moultrie. ALSO: a volume on the Mifflin family. *From Mrs. Elizabeth Kidwell.*

FIELDING, HENRY. Four-volume set of first edition of collected works of Fielding, London, 1792. *From Victor A. Lemaitre.*

PERIODICALS. Two hundred and twenty issues of various periodicals and other publications. *From Henry Rogers Benjamin.*

## The Editor Visits Columbiana

**Q**UERY to the reader: have you ever fallen backwards or forwards in time? Have you ever stepped through a magic looking-glass? Or fallen asleep in the mountains, and awakened twenty years later with a long white beard?

Writers are all the time taking their readers on these trips. The other day we went on one ourself. We simply walked into Room 110 in Low Memorial Library, intent on writing a description of the Columbiana Collection, and suddenly we were falling out of the humdrum present very much as Alice did at the beginning of her *Adventures* when she tumbled into the rabbit-hole.

Alice's rabbit-hole, if you remember, was fitted with cupboards and bookshelves, and there were maps and pictures on the wall. Room 110 looked like that. But filling the shelves, instead of jam pots, were all sorts of interesting memorabilia. Luckily, the Curator of Columbiana, Halsey Thomas, was falling down this particular rabbit-hole too, so we had someone who could explain about things which caught our interest.

Here is a report on what we saw.

We were falling backwards in time, so memorabilia of recent years came first. We noticed Nicholas Murray Butler's Oxford cap and gown, and an ancient mahogany secretary with several shelves of books which used to be in his bedroom. We picked out one of the books, *Rollo's Tour in Europe*, and read on the flyleaf the inscription: "N. Murray Butler from his uncle Chalmers, for his sixth birthday, 1868." A basket from his office desk was there too, marked "Attention at Leisure." However, Dr. Butler "at leisure" must have been a rare phenomenon, judging by the yards of filing cabinets containing his personal correspondence.

Next we spotted an extraordinary-looking object: a flexible tube about six feet long terminating in a flaring brass trumpet. It looked like a cross between a hookah and a Tibetan prayer horn,

but proved to be President Barnard's ear-trumpet! We were back in the Eighteen Eighties, when Columbia College occupied the block on Madison Avenue between 49th and 50th Streets. A few photographs extracted from a file brought the old campus to life. In one, a group of students, complete with derbies and canes, posed in front of the classroom building known as the "Maison de Punk" (quaintly dubbed so when the stucco on its walls started to crumble). Across Madison Avenue one caught a glimpse of brownstones. How indignant the owner of one of them—peppery Mr. Clarence Day, Sr.—would have been, could he have imagined the eyes of a later generation boring right through the walls and observing the whimsical ups and downs of "life with father"!

Another photograph showed the interior of the old Library. The vast room was "baronial," with a high, beamed ceiling. Around the walls were the books—*all* the books. There were no stacks. Small groups of students sat reading at square tables, the inevitable derbies and canes piled in front of them.

It would have been pleasant to linger in this halcyon period of Columbia, but our flight down the rabbit-hole suddenly accelerated, and we found ourself in the year 1802. Here we met, by the strangest of coincidences, a gentleman who was flying through time in the opposite direction! His time-journey had started in 1776, so when we met he had covered only twenty-six years against our century and a half. But no doubt even flights of the imagination were slower then than they are today. . . .

Our encounter really took place in the pages of the *New York Morning Chronicle* for Dec. 13, 1802. This paper had a story about some books which had just been discovered walled-up in the tower of St. Paul's Chapel. They were found to have "belonged to Columbia College, and to have been locked up and forgotten ever since the Revolution." And here comes our fellow-traveller through time: "The report had gained so much by travelling that it was said a librarian was discovered with the library, who, on coming out into the city, was quite surprised with the changes that had taken place!!"

It seems that during the Revolution the library of Columbia—then King's College—had been removed for safe-keeping, partly to City Hall and partly to St. Paul's Chapel. British soldiers broke into City Hall and carried off some of the books, which they used as payment for drinks in the local dram-shops. The papers of the day carried proclamations by British generals demanding the return of these looted volumes. The other books seem to have remained intact but forgotten for a quarter of a century in St. Paul's Chapel.

Mr. Halsey Thomas offered to show us some of these original books, not on the imaginary shelves of the King's College Library, but newly bound and restored in the Columbiana Room at Low Memorial. As the illusion of the rabbit-hole dissolved, we found in our hands a real book, entitled *A Preservative against Quakerism*. In it was the signature of the Rev. Duncombe Bristowe, who in 1759 had willed his fine library to the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to be sent to the "College of New York." The book also contained the naively delightful bookplate of the Society. Some of the Bristowe books, along with a few from the even earlier donation (1757) of Joseph Murray, a prominent lawyer of his day, can now be seen in Columbiana. We wondered whether they had enlivened the quarter-century hibernation of Columbia's Rip van Winkle (the account of whose adventure, incidentally, antedates that of Irving's Rip by eighteen years), or whether they were among those which had helped to ease the thirst of the redcoats.

Alcoholic refreshment played another and more fortunate role in the history of the Columbia Library when the Society of the Early Eighties was organized in a saloon called the Lion Palace, at 110th Street and Broadway, in the year 1907. This group of graduates of the Classes of '80 to '84 felt lost on the unfamiliar Morningside Campus, to which the College moved in 1897, and they organized for the purpose of providing a new focus for some of the alumni of 49th Street. It was this group which especially nurtured the Columbiana Collection, raising among themselves



its \$35,000 endowment. In later years other alumni have interested themselves, most notably Edmund Astley Prentis, '06E.

Our trip through the rabbit-hole may have given the reader the impression that Columbian is chiefly a museum of nostalgic oddities. In fact, there is a serious and more important side to it. Here are the manuscript and printed archives of the University's early history. Its 12,000 volumes include a complete collection of Columbia theses and University journals and official publications, also books and pamphlets by early Columbia alumni, and many students' albums. There is a much-used information file on prominent Columbia graduates, and another on Columbia history. There is a remarkable collection of photographs.

Friends of the Libraries who enjoy "adventures underground" are invited to visit Halsey Thomas. Behind the demure glass panels of Room 110 they will find a veritable warren of magic passages into the past.



*Joseph Murray Esqr*  
of the Middle Temple

Bookplate in the first books known to have been presented to the Library (1757).

# Activities of The Friends

## Finances

SINCE this issue of the COLUMNS is the final one for the academic year 1951-1952, we present a summary of how the Friends of the Columbia Libraries have been financed.

Although the organization was not formally inaugurated until May, 1951, three generous Friends contributed \$1500.00 in December, 1950, and the same sum again at the end of 1951. Contributions from our other 160 members up to April 22, 1952, amounted to \$1450.19, bringing our total contributions for 1950-1952 to \$4450.19.

Our present, limited program of exhibitions, dinners and publications is based on this sum. Divide it by 160, the number of our members, and the result is \$27.00—the approximate cost of the program per Friend during the past year. Two-thirds of this cost has been borne by three Friends, a beneficence on which we obviously cannot continue to rely.

The Council hopes that members will do what they can to keep the program under way. Donations of books and manuscripts to the Libraries have been made by Friends during the past year, and these also are most welcome.

## Meetings

On Thursday, March 27th, under the sponsorship of the Friends, an exhibition of Columbia's holdings in the typographic, printing, and graphic arts fields provided the background for a discussion of the possibility of establishing a Graphic Arts Center at the University. The speakers were Walter Dorwin Teague, President of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, Carl M. White, Director

of the Libraries, and August Heckscher of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Mr. Heckscher presided.

On the evening of Thursday, May 15th, the Friends sponsored a dinner at which the annual award of the Bancroft prizes was made. These prizes are given for the best two books published each year on the subject of American History in its broadest sense, American Diplomacy, or American International Relations, and amount to \$2,000 each. The awards this year went to Merlo J. Pusey for his *Charles Evans Hughes*, published by the Macmillan Company; and to C. Vann Woodward for his *The Origins of the New South, 1877-1913*, published by the Louisiana State University Press. The publishers, represented by George Brett of the Macmillan Company and Marcus Wilkerson of the Louisiana State University Press, received a special certificate award presented by Valerien Lada-Mocarski, Chairman of the Friends. Dwight C. Miner, Professor of History at Columbia, made the presentation to the winning authors, who then discussed their books briefly. The Master of Ceremonies was Norman Cousins, Editor of the *Saturday Review*, who spoke on the subject, "On Behalf of the Humanities."

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#### CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

DWIGHT C. MINER is Professor of History at Columbia University and will write the history of Columbia for the University's Bicentennial in 1954. . . JOHN BERTHEL has been successively a teacher of Contemporary Civilization in Columbia College and Columbia College Librarian, and is now Nicholas Murray Butler Librarian. . . ARNOLD H. SWENSON, manager of the Book Department in the Columbia University Bookstore, was a teacher of American History for seven years, and is Secretary of the Booksellers' League of New York. . . ROLAND BAUGHMAN became Head of Special Collections at Columbia University in 1946 after having served at the Huntington Library in California for twenty-two years.

# THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES

## PRIVILEGES

*Invitations* to exhibitions, lectures and other special events.

*Use of books* in the reading rooms of the libraries.

*Opportunity to consult* Librarians, including those in charge of the specialized collections, about material of interest to a member. (Each Division Head has our members' names on file.)

*Free subscription to* COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS.

\* \* \*

*As a Friend of the Columbia Libraries you are asked to assume no specific obligations. We rely on your friendship towards our institution and its ideals. However, if members express their support through annual donations of books or other material, or cash,\* we shall have a tangible indication that our program to arouse interest in the pressing needs of the Libraries has been successful. The smallest contributions are not the least welcome, and all donations are deductible for income tax purposes.*

\* Please make checks payable to Columbia University.

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